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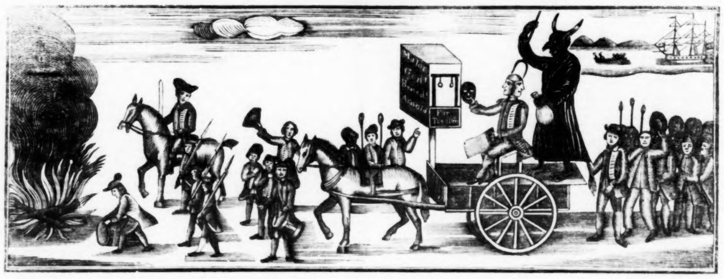
VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1495.

ARNOLD'S TREASON.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE FIGURES EXHIBITED AND PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA, ON SATURDAY, THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1780.

Some kind friend has sent us an old engraving, of which the above is an accurate copy, representing a scene which took place in the streets of this city, on the 30th of September, 1780—about a week after the discovery of Arnold's treason. The engraving was evidently made at the time, as is shown by its quality. The picture sent us is on a whitish-brown paper, stained with age. An intelligent engraver of this city, believes that the cut in question is the production of the first wood-engraver ever in the country. He says that Congress engaged an Englishman in New York—the only engraver in the country at that time—to come to Philadelphia, and engrave the blocks for the Continental Currency. The State notes in use before that period, had simply been printed from type.—By this person the above was probably executed.

Accompanying the picture is the following description of it, which is printed in old type, the s's looking like f's, &c.

It may be well to remark that the separate scene in one corner of the engraving, is evidently intended to represent the flight of Arnold to the British vessel lying at the time in the Hudson.

"DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGURES.

"A stage raised on the body of a cart, on which was an effigy of General ARNOLD sitting; this was dressed in regimentals, had two faces, emblematical of his traitorous conduct, a mask in his left hand, and a letter in his right from Belzebub, telling him that he had done all the mischief he could do, and now he must hang himself.

"At the back of the General was a figure of the Devil, dressed in black robes, shaking a purse of money at the General's left ear, and in his right hand a pitchfork, ready to drive him into hell as the reward due for the many crimes which the thirst of gold had made him commit.

"In the front of the stage and before General Arnold, was placed a large lanthorn of transparent paper, with the consequences of his crimes thus delineated, i. e. on one part, General Arnold on his knees before the Devil, who is pulling him into the flames—a label from the General's mouth, with these words, "My dear Sir, I have served you faithfully;" to which the Devil replies, "And I'll reward you." On another side, two ropes from a gallows, inscribed, "The Traitor's Reward." And on the front of the lanthorn was wrote the following:

"'MAJOR GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD,' late COMMANDER of the FORT WEST POINT. THE CRIME OF THIS MAN IS HIGH TREASON. He has deserted the important post WEST-POINT, on Hudson's River, committed to his charge by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and is gone off to the enemy at New York.

"'His design to have given up this fortress to our enemies, has been discovered by the goodness of the Omniscient Creator, who has not only prevented his carrying it into execution, but has thrown into our hands ANDRE, the Adjutant-General of their army, who was detected in the character of a spy.

"'The treachery of this ungrateful General is held up to public view, for the exposition of infamy; and to proclaim with joyful acclamation, another instance of the interposition of bounteous Providence.

"'The effigy of this ingrate is therefore hanged (for want of his body) as a Traitor to his native country, and a Betrayer of the laws of honour.'

"The procession began about four o'clock, in the following order:

"Several Gentlemen mounted on horse-back.
A line of Continental Officers.
Sundry Gentlemen in a line.
A guard of the City Infantry.
Just before the cart, drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March.
Guards on each side.

"The procession was attended with a numerous concourse of people, who, after expressing their abhorrence of the Treason and the Traitor, committed him to the flames, and left both the effigy and the original to sink into ashes and oblivion.

"'Twas *Arnold's* post, Sir *Harry* sought,
Arnold ne'er entered in his thought,
How ends the bargain? let us see,
The fort is safe, as safe can be,
His favourite *per force* must die,
His view's laid bare to ev'ry eye
His money's gone—and lo! he gains
One scoundrel more for all his pains.
Andre was gen'rous, true, and brave,
And in his room, he buys a knave.
'Tis sure ordain'd, that *Arnold* cheats
All those, of course, with whom he treats
Now let the *Devil* suspect a bite
Or *Arnold* cheats him of his right.

"Mothers shall still their children, and say—Arnold!—Arnold shall be the bug bear of their years. Arnold!—vile, treacherous, and leagued with Satan."

Original Poetry.

TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM HAZARD.

The twilight time had come that brings
 To forest lone and cottage hearth,
The first dark shadow from the wings
 Of Night descending to the earth.

While day was mingling with the night,
 Low in the sky there lingered yet
A long gray line of waning light,
 Where, veiled by clouds, the sun had set.

Against the sunbeam's shadowy veil
 Stood dark the bare boughs of a tree,
While glimmering light died on the sail
 Of the lone ship far out at sea.

Along the leaves that shroud the breast
 Of the cold earth, while sad winds sighed,
Long gleamed that pale light in the West,
 Then 'neath the spreading darkness died.

And then the twilight entered in
 My heart, with shadows cold and gray,
With mournful memories, that had been
 Banished by presence of the day.

And life was darkened by the gloom
 Descending from the shadowy sky,
I thought but of the common doom,
 To feel, to suffer and to die.

Then heavily the clouds came low,
 And sorrow was on hill and plain,
Till through the darkness coming slow
 I heard the footsteps of the rain.

Of mingled day and darkness made,
 Like life, oh, twilight hour thou art—
We see in thee thy light or shade,
 As joy or sadness rule the heart.

Original Novelet.

THE

OLD ASTROLOGER;

OR,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

The clergyman who officiated at the marriage of Mr. Paulding and Marion, was named Warwick. He was a man of fine intelligence, liberal feelings and a warm heart. Though past the meridian of life, and with his emotions schooled to submission by a well applied Christian philosophy, the sudden appearance of Appleton at the wedding party, accompanied by his interruption of the service, caused him to feel a deeper disturbance than he had known for years. At the conclusion of the rite, and after Marion had been carried, fainting, from the room, he drew aside Mr. Jasper, who officiated as groomsman on the occasion, and said to him, in an agitated voice—

"Who was that? Do you know?"

"His name is Appleton. He is from P——, and is a former lover of Marion's."

"Have they been under engagement of marriage?"

"No. But—"

And Jasper then related, briefly, the particulars of their intimacy, and some portions of Appleton's history already known to the reader.

"He is, evidently, in a state of mental derangement," said Mr. Warwick, in a troubled voice, when Jasper closed his relation.

"The fear you express is too well grounded.—Unhappy young man! How heavy a penalty is he paying for a single error."

"Alone, at night, in a strange place, and in his condition," said the clergyman. "This will not do. We must go after him and extend the protection needed by one in his unhappy state."

"You are right," responded Jasper, rising as he spoke. "Marion is cared for by her friends. Towards Appleton let all my thoughts be turned."

"You are a stranger in Belleville, as well as this unhappy young man," said the minister. "I will select two or three to aid you in the search. If you find him, take him to my house. As soon as I can be spared from this habitation of weeping rather than joy, I will return home and be ready to receive you."

Accompanied by three men, familiar with all the localities, Jasper started off immediately in search of Appleton. Since the sun went down in all the brilliancy of purple and gold, heavy clouds had come up from the West, and were spreading in black masses over the sky, hiding the stars, and veiling all below in thick darkness. From these clouds came forth, now and then, a gleam of lightning, succeeded by a distant jar of thunder.

First of all, inquiry was made for Appleton at the village tavern; but none there had seen a person such as was described. From thence they proceeded from house to house, but no one they met had either seen or heard of his presence in Belleville. Out into the fields and woods they went after this, but returned, after a fruitless search of many hours.

It was past eleven o'clock at night, and the lowering clouds had begun to pour down a torrent of rain, accompanied by broad, intense flashes of lightning and the crash of thunder, when Mr. Warwick, who was pacing the floor of his little parlor, too much disturbed in mind, to think of retiring to bed, paused suddenly, and listened.—Something like the sound of a human voice had reached his ear amid the discordant roaring of the mad elements. After a few moments, as a heavy peal of thunder died away in distant mutterings, he distinctly heard the sound again. Quickly opening the door, he sought to penetrate with his eager eyes the darkness that hung as a thick veil before him. But he could perceive no object. He stood, however, only a few seconds before a human figure presented itself. It was that of a man. At a glance Mr. Warwick recognized Appleton, who was drenched with rain.

"Let me come in. I am wet and cold," said the young man, in a humble, pleading voice, crouching against the lintel of the door, and shrinking with fear as the vivid lightning blazed around him.

"Yes, yes. Come in quickly," replied Mr. Warwick, taking hold of him and drawing him within the door. "Why did you remain out in this dreadful storm?"

"I was afraid they would kill me," said Appleton, looking fearfully around him. "I know it was wrong. But I can't help it now. You won't tell them that I'm here. I stood and looked at you through the window, walking backwards and forwards, and, every time your face turned this way, I said, 'He is a good man, and will protect me.' But when your face was turned away, I felt afraid. You won't tell them that I am here, will you?"

"No—no—certainly not. I will protect you against every body," replied Mr. Warwick, meeting the humor of the unhappy young man, from the throne of whose mind reason had fallen.

By every mode in his power, the minister sought to quiet his agitation, and, in a little while, succeeded in doing so. Then he induced him to go up stairs and into one of the chambers, change his wet clothes for dry ones, and finally, to go to bed. In a little while he was sleeping, though not soundly. He tossed himself about, moaned and talked incoherently. On placing his hand upon his forehead, he found his skin hot and dry. Fever had set in.

Through the greater part of the night, Mr. Warwick watched in the chamber of Appleton. On the next morning the young man was so ill, that a physician was called in. By this time his body was entirely prostrated, and he was insensible to all surrounding objects. He remained in this state for three or four days, passing through a dangerous crisis, and then suddenly regaining his lost senses and perceptions as has been seen.

During this time, Jasper called frequently to see Appleton, and had many conversations with the clergyman touching the peculiarities of his case. He left for P—— on the very day of his restoration to reason, and previous to the occurrence of that circumstance.

After the brief conversation between Mr. Warwick and Appleton, given at the close of the preceding chapter, the latter lay for a long time with closed eyes. Sometimes his lips moved, and sometimes there was a slight quivering of the lids. Beyond this was no sign that his thoughts were active. Gradually an expression of tranquillity settled upon his countenance; and as the twilight began to fail, Mr. Warwick perceived that he was calmly sleeping.

On the next morning when the clergyman called in to see Appleton, he found him with his mind clear and his feelings tranquil. In body, he remained very feeble. This favorable state continued. In a few days he was able to sit up, and soon after to walk about his room. At the end of another week he was so far recovered that he proposed to leave for home. Since the first interview, not a word more had passed between him and the minister about the recent exciting circumstances.

"You are yet too weak, my young friend, to bear the fatigue of a journey," said Mr. Warwick, in reply to this proposition. "Remain where you are quietly for a little while longer."

"I cannot think of trespassing on you an hour longer than is absolutely necessary," replied Appleton. "Your kindness and true hospitality have saved my life, and I shall bear you in remembrance, with grateful emotions, while my heart has power to give a single pulsation."

"I have done nothing more than my duty, nor beyond what my feelings prompted," said Mr. Warwick. "But we will not talk of that. For the present, at least, you must remain here. Body and mind both need a longer period of rest in which to recover their strength."

Thus urged, Appleton sojourned for a few days longer beneath the hospitable roof of the minister, and then spoke again of leaving. Mr. Warwick opposed his doing so, as before.

"I can remain here no longer," said the young man, after nearly four weeks had elapsed. "It is wrong thus to trespass on the hospitality of a kind hearted stranger."

"I have kept you here," replied Mr. Warwick, "in order that I might administer to your spiritual as well as to your natural well-being. I have much that I wish to say to you before leaving us, and I think you can now bear an allusion to the subject that has been on my mind. I know something of your history."

Appleton's eyes were fixed upon the minister; but no change was visible in his countenance.

"You doubtless understand me. Shall I go on?" said Mr. Warwick.

"I am ready to hear," calmly answered the young man.

"The subject may be too painful."

"Not if introduced by you."

"This present experience," said the minister, "is dependent, mainly, I have been told, on a serious error committed within the last two years. An error grounded in the natural impatience of the human heart to know the hidden secrets of the future. In a word, you sought to penetrate the veil that limits our view to the present."

"It is as you say," replied Appleton, without apparent emotion.

"You lifted your voice and cried into the future—you cried, and there came back a feeble echo."

"And that echo I believed to be the voice of an oracle."

"Do you believe it now?"

"Ah, sir! I was most cruelly deceived!" said Appleton, for the first time showing signs of feeling. "Cruelly deceived."

"Self-deceived. Is not that the real truth?"

"Perhaps so. Yes, yes; self-deceived."

"The future is wisely hidden by the Creator. Having made us, He loves us, and seeks our good. In love, therefore, He veils the future. A knowledge of coming events, whether good or evil, would take away our power in the present, and, therefore, such knowledge is not given. You can understand this from sad experience. How were all the native energies of your mind paralyzed, even under an imaginary foreknowledge. What you desired as life's greatest good, you believed you would gain. From the moment you felt this to be certain, all present action upon which the future depends, ceased. Was it not so?"

"Yes—yes."

"From the day you sought the old Astrologer, you may date the beginning of your unhappiness."

"Ah, if I had never seen him," said Appleton, in a mournful voice.

"You turned aside into forbidden paths, and your feet were wounded with thorns."

"If foreknowledge to man be an evil, Mr. Warwick, why are any permitted to penetrate the future?"

"This power is given to no mortal, my friend."

"Is it not possible to read nativities in the stars? Many learned and good men have believed in Astrology."

"No wise man ever had faith in this pretended science. Men learned in mere human knowledge, too often grounded in the pride of opinion or the conceit of superior intelligence, may have put faith in astral influences. But he who has power to think abstractly—who has even the smallest portion of spiritual intelligence, must see that inert bodies of matter, moving in space, and governed by merely physical laws, cannot have any relation whatever to the soul of man, which is a spiritual substance, governed by spiritual laws, and having an eternal destiny."

"And yet many authentic instances are on record, in which, by means of the stars, the future events in a man's life have been foretold."

"All things," said Mr. Warwick, "are over ruled by a wise Providence for man's good. No one, except his mind be in some darkness, will deliberately seek, by means of Fortune-Tellers and Astrologers, to read the future. To such as do inquire, certain answers may be given—though not from a power in the pretended seer to read the Book of Fate—which, in the end, will prove to be true. Such a coincidence most persons would call accidental. I give it a higher name. It is Providential, and designed, in some way, to lift the individual above things merely sensual. It is not, however, the easiest road to wisdom—that true wisdom which elevates and saves men from their evils. No—it is a rough and thorny way, trod with bleeding feet."

"Alas! have I not proved the truth of that saying," replied Appleton. "If I had only been content to do my work faithfully and patiently in the present, trusting that all would come out right in the end, how much happier would I be this day; and what a light would come through the veil of the future, showing me that the sun was there! Now, all is darkness."

"That admission, Mr. Appleton," said the minister, "proves the wisdom and goodness of Providence, which even out of evil educes good. Your errors, or, I will say, the reaction upon your errors, has been the means of opening your mind interiorly, so that it can see a truth of the first importance to know. Out of your sufferings, I trust you will come purified—a wiser and a better man; and if wiser and better, happier."

"Happier!" exclaimed the young man, quickly. "Happier! No, Mr. Warwick!—that is impossible. I will not believe it."

"It is only through a knowledge of the truth that we arrive at happiness," said the minister. "There is no other way. But truth in the understanding alone does not produce this desirable state; it is truth made a principle of life. With false views of Providence, you could not have been really happy under any circumstances. Now, your clearer perception of Divine laws and human actions, if made practical in your future conduct, will bring a peace that passeth all understanding. I know what I say to be true. I have lived many years, and have suffered much. Like you, earlier in life I committed mistakes, and the pain flowing therefrom was agonizing. But all came that I might go up higher, and look around me from a more elevated position. My lesson, like yours, was hard to learn; but when at length I knew it by heart, I found it to be a lesson of interior wisdom."

"And my lesson?" said Appleton, lifting his eyes to the countenance of the minister, that seemed to glow with light; "how am I to understand it? It is a hard lesson for the learner."

"If we live what we know, we open our minds to the influx of truth," replied Mr. Warwick.

"I do not clearly see your meaning."

"Perform, in the present, faithfully, the work your hands find to do, because it is right to be engaged in some employment useful to others. This brings you within the orderly sphere of God's Providence towards His creatures, and in the way of receiving light."

"I now perceive your meaning, dimly," replied Appleton. "But, the truth is too high for me. I cannot comprehend it fully."

"You will, I trust, in time. For all trouble and affliction, there is but one genuine panacea; and that is useful work. If you would have relief from present pain, use this panacea, and use it daily."

"Work! work!" said the young man, as if he did not comprehend what was meant.

"By work, I mean useful employment. Providence, in its infinite regard for man's well-being, has so arranged society that the whole is sustained by the parts, while the parts subsist from the whole. Each individual helps to sustain the great fabric of human society, while he is held in his place and reciprocally sustained by the harmonious effects of the common action around him. It is, therefore, into the uses of society that the Divine principle of life flows; and, whoever enters into these uses, faithfully doing his part, comes within the sphere of this Divine life, and that sphere, which is an effort to save from evil and elevate into all that is pure, good and holy, affects the mind with inward peace and tranquility. It is for this reason, that even wicked men who hate all but themselves, are in states of contentment, and even good feeling for those around them, while usefully employed; for, they are then co-workers with the Divine Providence, and receive the reward of their labor. This is a great truth, my young friend. Lay it up in your heart, and rest upon it. It will be to you like dew to the parched ground; like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Here cast your anchor when storms are in the sky, and life's frail bark is sweeping towards the breakers; cast it here, and you will ride in safety."

Appleton sat with his head bent towards the speaker and his eyes upon the ground, listening intently.

"Forgive my freedom and plainness of speech," said Mr. Warwick, after a pause. "It is because I feel concern for your welfare that I venture to say what I do."

"Your kindness I can never forget," replied Appleton, with emotion. "It saved my life. And, now that you go still further, and seek to impart a knowledge of those true principles by which men attain happiness, shall I be hurt by any plainness of speech? Oh, no sir! For what you have said, I thank you most sincerely. It points me to past errors, while it throws a light upon the future. For a year, my mind has been tossing from billow to billow, like a vessel without helm, compass, or anchor. No wonder that I was driven far away from the true latitude. Useful Employment! Yes, yes; I feel that you are right."

"Engage earnestly in some calling—prosecute some study with an end to eminence and usefulness in a profession," said Mr. Warwick, "and this will interest your mind and keep it from preying upon itself."

"Nothing else will sustain me. Deeply do I feel that," replied the young man.

"You were engaged in the study of medicine, I believe?"

"I was," replied Appleton.

"Do you like the profession?"

"Yes, better than any other."

"Then let me advise you, by all means, to resume it, on your return to P——. It is a calling in which you may render most important service to your fellow men; and society has a claim upon you for this service. For every comfort you enjoy are you indebted to the labor of others, and shall you not give back to the common stock the product of your own peculiar ability?"

"My dear sir," replied Appleton, grasping the hand of the minister, "you are pouring a flood of light upon my mind. Ah, if I could have seen all this a year ago as clearly as I see it now, how different would all have been!"

"You erred, and have suffered deeply for your error; but you are still young. Time heals the deepest wounds. Look not back upon the past. Spend no time in vain regrets; but perform diligently, in the present, the work your hands find to do, and all will be well in the future."

"The future!" sighed Appleton. "Ah! how gloomy is all before me!"

"Right action in the present," replied Mr. Warwick, "is putting oil in the lamp whose light is to gild the future."

"I believe this; but ah! to make belief a practical principle. There lies the difficulty."

"Yes, that is the difficulty which all experience. That is the difficulty you will experience. But it is more an imaginary difficulty than a real one. Make the first effort, and after that, like the continued action of machinery, all will move on at an expenditure of force comparatively small."

"With so much at stake, I must compel myself to act from reason's dictate," said Appleton.

"It is only by self-compulsion that any one acts right in the beginning, for, all our natural tendencies are too evil, and it requires, often a strong effort to arrest the current of these tendencies. But, when the current begins to set the other way, how great the reward that is given. Do not despond, Mr. Appleton. Do not look along the vista of the future with a fainting heart. All will come out right in the end—all must come out right in the end."

"Ah! if I could only quiet the feverish pulsations of my heart! If I could only forget!" sighed the young man.

"True forgetfulness, in which there is a real peace of mind, will only come to you, as I have already said, while engaged in some useful employment. Do not forget this."

"I will try to keep it ever in remembrance."

"Do so; and, as you move on in life, you will find the rough way becoming plainer and the crooked paths straight," was the earnestly spoken reply of the minister.

CHAPTER XII.

Appleton remained a few days longer under the hospitable roof of Mr. Warwick, who sought in every way to fill his mind with correct principles in order that he might stand, self sustained, so to speak, when he went back again into the world. Then he returned to P——, so changed in appearance from what he was when he left, that his friends hardly knew him.

The loss of Marion took away the eager desire he had felt to gain his suit against the Mercer estate. He had an income, sufficient, with strict economy, to meet his expenses, and, as he now looked forward with no ardent anticipations, he was less anxious about the result. The tendency in his feelings was to sink down into a passive, gloomy state;—to sit and brood idly over the wreck of his fondest hopes in life. But, the truth so earnestly and clearly presented to him by Mr. Warwick came to save him. He saw that to act thus would be little less than madness. Deliberately he resolved to begin again the study of his profession, and to prosecute it diligently to the end. But, in order to do this, it would be necessary to remove to another city, for, to remain where he was liable, every day, to come in contact with Marion, would be risking too much. If he would forget her, he must not see her. To this end, after making all necessary arrangements with his counsel for prosecuting his suit to a final issue, he removed to Baltimore and entered the office of a physician there as a student.

After the long diversion of his thoughts and late wild excitement of his feelings, Appleton found the task of study a difficult, nay, almost an impossible one. What motive had he for study? He had no purposes in life, clearly defined; and his young ambition had died away. The only being on earth whom he felt that he could love was the bride of another; what was there to warm into life the ardent impulses of his nature?

Still, fresh in his thoughts remained the words of wisdom uttered by Mr. Warwick, and, in the anguish of his mind, he was driven to let them rule his conduct. As an antidote to mental pain, he gave, for a time, a forced application to books, and continued it until an interest in medical science was again awakened. It so happened that his preceptor held the office of professor of chemistry in one of the medical colleges, and as the winter course of lectures was in progress when Appleton entered his office, he frequently engaged his assistance in making experiments in his own laboratory. In these experiments Appleton soon became interested, and, before the spring opened, was pursuing them with some eagerness.

This sustained him from the beginning, and kept his mind in a just equipoise.

While in the office among his books, in the laboratory or lecture-room, Appleton's feelings were tranquil; but, when his thoughts turned from his profession, gloom settled over all. He could not banish the image of Marion from his heart; he could not hide her face from view, strive as he would.

Time went on, and Appleton completed his course of studies and received a diploma. This was two years after his removal to Baltimore. Up to that time he had lived a solitary life, resisting all the efforts of the few friends he made to draw him into any social circle. About this time, greatly to his surprise, the suit against the Mercer estate, which had been carried to the court of last resort, terminated in his favor. He did not recover the whole amount claimed; but was entirely satisfied with an award of forty thousand dollars.

On coming into possession of this large amount of property, Appleton determined to go abroad for a few years instead of commencing the practice of medicine as he had purposed; and this determination was acted upon immediately.

Two years he remained in Europe, and then returned to Baltimore. No marked change was visible in his appearance. His face was thin and pale as when he left, his brow thoughtful, and there was about him a dreamy, absent air. He did not as before, however, shut himself out from society, but entered the social and family circle whenever opportunities of introduction were presented. This brought him into company with many young ladies, and at length an interest was awakened in his feelings for one, a Miss Everett. Perhaps the reason why he was attracted to her more than to others was the fact that, in many things, she reminded him of the one he had lost. There was something in her face, but more particularly in the tones of her voice that awakened a thought of Marion. By slow degrees her image began to form itself in his mind, and to hide that of her who had so long filled it. Without a purpose in his thoughts, he sought her company more and more frequently, and in every interview felt the gradual kindling of a warmer interest.

Such was the state of his feelings when he visited the Bedford Springs, attracted thither by the presence of Caroline Everett. His meeting there with Marion has already been mentioned. Its effect upon his feelings was less strongly marked by visible emotion than the effect upon Marion. This was because he exercised a greater self-control. Internally the agitation was, if any thing, greater.

Miss Everett marked, in utter astonishment, the effect produced upon Appleton and Mrs. Paulding. Before she had recovered from this state of mute surprise, the young man said—

"Excuse me, if you please," and, turning from her, went hurriedly to his room. Soon after, without communicating to any one his design, he left for Baltimore in the private conveyance by which he had come up to Bedford. When Miss Everett returned home, two weeks afterwards, she learned, with a feeling of pain, that Appleton had gone back to Europe.

CHAPTER XIII.

Five years more have passed.

In the office of the United States Legation in Paris, sat a man with a file of American newspapers before him. Though he turned leaf after leaf, and let his eyes run over column after column, yet he did not appear to be in search of any definite item of intelligence. Suddenly his attention was arrested, and he bent eagerly down, and read—

"Died, in this city, on the 2nd inst., James Paulding, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He leaves a widow, but no children."

Referring quickly to the date of the paper containing this announcement, he found that the event recorded took place in P——, more than a year before. Then shading his face with his hand, to prevent observation, he sat in deep reverie for many minutes. Rising, at length, he retired from the office, still in a state of abstraction, and went slowly back to his lodgings.

This man was Doctor Appleton. For the greater part of the preceding five years he had resided in Paris, leading a solitary life, and spending most of his time in scientific investigations. During that period, the surface of his feelings had hardened, and he was undisturbed by the waves of emotion which, through all the previous five years, had moved constantly over his heart. But now, the light congelation was swept away, and the waters were heaving again in strong undulations; though not as before, beneath a midnight sky. The sun had arisen, and light was flashing back from every crest that lifted itself in the air.

A month from this time, Mrs. Paulding, who had passed through the period of mourning for her husband, and laid aside the weeds of widowhood, was sitting in the vine-covered portico of her father's house in Belleville, gazing upon a sky as brilliant in its sunset glory as that which marked the evening of her marriage. But how different were her thoughts and feelings! After the death of Mr. Paulding, the image of her first love, over which she had thrown a veil, came once more into view, and she could look upon it without a rebuking consciousness that it was sin; and now that image was ever distinctly present.

As she sat gazing into the brilliant West, her mind was more than usually occupied with thoughts of Appleton. She had heard of his immediate departure for Europe after the meeting at Bedford Springs, and was not mistaken as to the reason. Since that time she had not heard of him. He might be dead; or he might be living happily in union with some one who had become to him all that she would have been, had not strange events conspired to drive them asunder. This last thought affected her with pain, and she forced it quickly from her mind. But it came stealing back again, to trouble the waters that time had made tranquil. Abstracted from things external by a conflict of feeling, Marion did not observe that a stranger was approaching, until his shadow fell upon the sward that lay close at her feet. Starting, she raised her eyes quickly.

"Marion!" fell from the stranger's lips, as he gazed intently upon her face, while he partly extended his hands. "Marion!" There was a thrilling eagerness in his voice.

No word did Marion utter in reply. But a sudden light gleamed over her countenance, as she arose to her feet. For a few moments she stood looking at him, and then sank forward with tears gushing from the very well springs of joy, upon the bosom from which she had been held back for so many, many years.

In less than a week, another marriage contract was sealed in the house of Mr. Hale, and old Mr. Warwick performed the rite.

After spending a short time in Belleville, Dr. Appleton returned to P—— with his bride, where he located himself, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was sitting in his office one day, when an old man, bent with age, came in and asked for medical advice.

"Zadac!" said the physician in a quick, emphatic voice, after he had looked steadily at his visitor for a few moments.

"You know me, then?" replied the old man.

"I have cause to know you!" said Appleton, sternly. "But for you, I would have escaped ten years of misery."

"It is not with me to make any man happy or miserable," returned the old Astrologer. "That power resides with each individual, so far as his own life is concerned. We make our own destiny."

"You deceived me by your lying art, when I was weak enough to consult you."

"I have deceived no man," said Zadac, calmly. "I believed in my art, and practiced it sincerely."

"It is a lying art, and you know it."

"No, Doctor."

"It lied in my case. You prophesied—"

"And time has brought, or will bring, the fulfilment," said Zadac, interrupting him.

"Time—time!" murmured Appleton, in a subdued voice. "Time! Oh, what a long and weary time! Accursed art!"

"You wished to know the future," said Zadac, "and unwisely sought to gain the desired knowledge. You came to me, and I read for you what I found written in the stars. Such knowledge is not good for man, and therefore his Creator has withheld it. But, to such as impatiently seek to lift the veil that hides the future, and who use certain means for attaining this end, imperfect glimpses of things to come are sometimes given. You obtained such glimpses, and the sight disturbed your present life. Unhappiness followed as a certain consequence. Do not blame me, then—Blame yourself. You made use of me as an instrument to gain a certain end, and I am blameless as a mere instrument."

The manner, as well as the words of the Astrologer, had the effect to subdue the sudden excitement of Doctor Appleton.

"Zadac," said he, after thinking more calmly for a few moments, "you speak of your art as a true art. How far is it true? Or, to what extent is your faith involved?"

The Astrologer did not reply. The question caused him to withdraw his small, glittering eyes from those of Appleton, and to cast them upon the floor.

"In a word, Zadac," continued Appleton, "do you believe in such a thing as astral influence reaching to man's moral life? The stars are mere bodies of matter, while man is a spirit. Can any aspect of such bodies foreshadow the destiny of a spiritual existence?"

"I can scarcely believe it," replied Zadac, lifting his eyes from the floor.

"This from you!" ejaculated the physician, evincing surprise.

"There is a mystery connected with the whole matter," said Zadac, seriously, "that puzzles me at times. It is not to be denied that the astrological aspect of the heavens, as compared with the lives of certain individuals, show remarkable indications and coincidences. Moreover, in hundreds of instances in which I have cast nativities and answered questions touching future events by means of the stars, the replies have been strangely verified; but, as in your case, never to the satisfaction of the interrogator. There has always been some drawback in the fulfilment—something to leave the mind in painful disappointment. Something to show that only a partial glimpse can ever be had into the future, and that even such a glimpse is only given for the correction of an impatient heart that is not willing to work and wait for the future, believing that all will come out right in the end."

"You have doubtless uttered the truth, Zadac. Yes, yes—you have unveiled the mystery. But one question more. Will not the same result follow, if you consult the future through other means than the stars? Fortune-tellers use cards, and even the sediment in a coffee or tea cup."

"One mode is about as good as the other," replied the Astrologer. "I used cards at first, and the fortunes were as well told as they have since been by the stars."

"Then why did you give up the easier method of cards?"

"When I told fortunes by cards, I was plain Abram Jones, and poor at that. But, as Zadac, the Astrologer, I soon acquired importance, and became rich."

"Do you still consult the stars?"

"No. I abandoned this work some years since."

"You have done harm in your time, Zadac, or Mr. Jones, by which ever name you are now called," said Doctor Appleton, gravely.

"We all do evil," was replied to this. "I had some faith in my art of fortune-telling when I practiced it, and more in astrology, when I consulted the stars. Men wanted a certain service, and asked me to perform it for them. I did my part, but with them rested the consequences. As to the harm of which you speak, I must be permitted to differ with you. The surgeon does not harm his patient when he cuts off a mortified limb or extirpates a tumor; but, though he is the instrument of great pain in the present, he becomes the medium of good in the future. In something of the same relation have I stood to my morally diseased patients."

"Rather a broad assumption," said Appleton.

"It may appear so. But of one thing you may be sure, Doctor; no such disorderly work as I have been engaged in would be permitted, if there were not dark and evil states in some men, requiring its reaction in order to make their states apparent. Except for your experience in astrology you would not be as wise a man as you are to-day. But happy are they who choose some other road to wisdom!"

For some time after the old man said this, Appleton sat musing. Then looking up, he changed the subject by asking the Astrologer as to his bodily ailment.

"Yes, yes," he murmured to himself, after his patient departed, "Zadac said truly—Happy are they who choose some other road to wisdom."

INFLUENCES OF NATURE.—The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough. But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefits. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my pulse, and I dilate and respire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements!—*Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous.*—R. W. Emerson.

Selected Articles.

THE WHALEMAN'S ADVENTURES.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

On the 28th of May, 1817, the Royal Bounty, an English ship, fell in with a great number of whales, in seventy degrees twenty-five minutes North latitude, and longitude five degrees East. There was neither ice nor land in sight. The boats were manned and sent in pursuit, and after a chase of five hours, one of them, which had rowed out of sight of the ship, struck one of the whales. This was about four o'clock in the morning. The captain directed the course of the ship to the point where he had last seen the boats, and about eight o'clock got sight of one, which displayed the signal of being fast. Soon after, another boat approached the first, and struck a second harpoon; and by mid-day, two more harpoons were made fast.

But such was the astonishing vigor of this whale, that although it constantly dragged through the water from four to six boats, together with sixteen hundred fathoms of line, yet it pursued its flight nearly as fast as a boat could row, and whenever one passed beyond its tail, it would dive. All endeavors to lance it were therefore vain, and the crews of the loose boats moored to those that were fast, the whale all the time steadily towing them on.

At eight o'clock in the evening, a line was taken to the ship, with a view of retarding its flight, and topsails were lowered, but the harpoon drew. In three hours another line was taken on board, which immediately snapped. At four in the afternoon of the next day, thirty-six hours after the whale was first struck, two of the fast lines were taken on board the ship.

The most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made upon the American whale-ship Essex, Capt. Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean, in August, 1819.—Late in the fall of the same year, when in latitude forty of the South Pacific, a school of sperm whales were discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in that work, a sperm whale, judged to be eighty-five feet long, broke water about twenty rods from the ship, on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bows of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale dove and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed directly across the vessel's course to the windward. Meantime the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were to be rigged. While the crew were working at them, one of the men cried out, "God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned at about one hundred rods from the ship, and was making for her at double his former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing head on, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in ten minutes after the first collision. But five souls out of the twenty were saved.

In another authentic instance, when a boat was chasing a whale, he suddenly turned to windward, and made directly for his pursuers, who were so excited by the chase as to be blind to danger.—On, therefore, they madly rushed, without trying to avoid the infuriated monster, so eager were they to plunge into him their irons, till the boat struck with such violence upon the whale's head as to throw the oarsmen from their thwarts. At the same moment the boat-steerer let fly his two harpoons into the mammoth body, which rolled over on its back; and before the boat could get clear of danger, being to the windward, a heavy sea struck it, and threw them directly into the whale's mouth! All, of course, sprang for their lives, and they had barely time to throw themselves clear of the boat, before it was crushed to pieces by those ponderous jaws, and its ejected crew were providentially all picked up by another boat. At length, near eight o'clock, after forty hours of incessant exertion, this tenacious asserter of his vast animal vigor and territorial rights was killed.

THE WORTH OF LIBERTY.

BY HENRY GILES.

Ask for the achievements of liberty; some will lead you to legislatures, and point you to its assembled representatives. Some will take you to its battle-grounds, tell you the story of its struggles, and show you with pride the sublimity of its monuments. Some will go with you to the arsenal and the fortress, direct your attention to the ship of war silent in the harbor, but in which thunder sleeps, which a touch can awake at the stealthiest approach of danger. Some, not thus warlike, will rather refer you to the dark forests of merchant vessels that lie before you, which are winged messengers for the exchange of riches with every climate of earth. Some, actuated by vanity will conduct you through the finer parts of cities, where you are lost in the majesty of private palaces, or dazzled amidst the splendor of fashionable stores. Some, devoted to money, will explain to you the beauty of the new Exchange; enlarge on the architecture of the leading banks from solidity of structure, pass on to solidity of capital; become eloquent on the price of stocks, and warm to rapture in the ecstasy of cent. per cent.

Not, however, to the turmoil of cities, but to the quiet of the country, will I take my way to seek for the noblest doings of liberty. From an elevated spot I will gaze around on the serene landscape; watch the cattle that cover the hills; follow the husbandman as he guides the plough and turns up the soil he owns. I will descend into the mechanic's shop, and converse with the occupant,—intelligent, industrious, and independent. I will go here and there, into cleanly dwellings each giving signs of peace and comfort, none of squalor or starvation. I will linger through the village; I will stop on the plot before the common school, and refresh the spirit of fatigued maturity by watching for awhile the gambols of rosy and laughing childhood; I will venture, as I pass, to enter the academy, and there survey the studious diligence of brave boys and blushing girls. If there be a town meeting, I will pause for a time and listen to homely, but unshackled legislation, which provides support for the poor, instruction for the young, and supply for such other matters as concern the general welfare of the community. The church, new or old, as I go by it, carries me back to other days; it transports me, also, to the future and the skies; I feel the presence of God in its silence, and around it, an atmosphere of holiness and of the Sabbath. In the greenwood shade beyond, I find the colleges of an enlightened university, where youth that thirst for knowledge may have it abundantly and generously. Yes, industry, piety, education, learning, religion; these are to me the holiest triumphs of liberty; and for these I most hail it, and most for these, I love it.

☞ CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A Cincinnati paper says: "The best eating in the world, next to terrapin, is—pork." Is there any wonder now that the cholera was so dreadfully destructive in that city?

"LOVED AT HOME."

BY ELIZA COOK.

I never had a ten-pound note, I care not who may know,
Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor aught that's worn for show;
I've earned each meal I've had for years by honest daily toil,
Yet few have had a merrier heart or worn a gladder smile.

For I have had a blessed home, beneath whose humble roof
A mother's nightly prayers for me were breathed without reproof;
And where my sisters' clustering love grew round my friendly stem,
And looked into mine eyes with hope as I looked joy to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight, and ye whose friendly press
Has ever held my hand in yours to welcome and to bless;
Oh, ye have ever heard me say, "Whatever else may come,
There's no such joy on earth for man, as being 'loved at home.'"

If pride could see my scanty room, some twelve feet six by ten,
And take down all the chattels there, 't would scarcely soil a pen;
But there are years of mother's love—in letters week by week,
A wealth that hearts can better weigh than tongues can aptly speak.

And judging hence from what I've felt, whene'er I see a face
Smile-lighted on the path of life, I'm certain I can trace
The root whence that sweet influence can only truly come,
The inward joy that fills the soul when we are "loved at home."

AARON BURR.

[The above, from a correspondent of the "Albany Atlas," expresses so nearly our own opinion of Aaron Burr, that, especially as we have observed of late some disposition on the part of the foolishly charitable to apologize for that false-hearted man, we are glad to extend its circulation.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Our aversion for Burr's character rests not on the consequences of his duel with Hamilton, nor on his ill-judged western expedition. He met General Hamilton face to face, and according to all the prescribed forms of a code which, if bloody and brutal, had as much the sanction of his adversary's conduct as his own. It was moreover, a code acknowledged and ready to be acted upon by most of the public men of the day, and by a considerable portion of them down to the present time. Let us be consistent about such things. Let us not admire and applaud, and vote for one duelist, and then hold up another in horror as a "murderer," because his victim chanced to be a great man, and a party favorite. Burr's western expedition was a wild and visionary scheme, and doubtless an illegal one, if he merely meditated an attack on the existing Government of Mexico. That he contemplated any thing so utterly absurd, as an attempt by force of arms to sever the Western States from the Union, is incredible. The weight of testimony and probability, in our judgment, are equally the other way. There is not space here to discuss this question, nor is it necessary. Burr's object was, we have no doubt, in conjunction with a supposed disaffected portion of the population, to revolutionize the Spanish colonies in Mexico, as adventurers from our country have since attempted to revolutionize the British colonies in Canada. What personal objects he expected to accomplish, can not now be known. The intense selfishness which his public and private life every where exhibit, render it next to certain that he expected to place himself at the head of the new government. But conceding all this, and conceding even that he aimed at the sovereignty of Mexico, it was a project, parallels to which can be found in all ages, and mankind have never thought of placing their projectors in the same category with the "traitor to his country." Nay, the invaders at Hastings, Agincourt, Austerlitz and a thousand other fields where schemes of conquest and usurpation have been successfully decided, have been placed in the first rank of martial heroes. The success of such undertakings, seems to have quite too much to do with the world's estimate of their propriety.

But we detest Aaron Burr for his ceaseless, systematic, snake-like guile—for a selfishness as frigid and unrelenting as the winter of the arctics—for his utter want of principle—and perhaps more for the development of these traits in his private, than his public life. We wonder that the infamy of his career in some marked particulars, in the former, escaped the animadversion of so virtuous and high-toned a man as Mr. Hammond. Was it delicacy, because these were matters of private life? We believe in no such delicacy—no on and off scale of morality which discriminates between a man's public and private character. If men place themselves or permit themselves to be placed in conspicuous positions before the public, their whole character belongs to the public.

——"when was public virtue to be found,
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved."

We believe, with Tacitus, that bad citizens should be awed by the infamy visited on evil deeds by posterity, and if called on to say where we most admired this great historian, we should unhesitatingly point to the inexorable rigor, with which, like the avenging Eumenides, he applies the scourge to crime wherever he finds it. Tiberius, amidst the secret debaucheries of Capreæ, no more escapes him, than Tiberius from the throne of the Cæsars, scattering despair and desolation through the Roman world.

Burr's libertinism was more unprincipled, more utterly atrocious, than any thing we ever read of. The despicable minions, who, like gaudy-colored but obscene insects, battened on the moral corruption which filled the court of Charles II.—the pimps who wheedled victims to the *Parc-aux-cerfs* for that never-jaded voluptuary Louis XV.—were honorable men, compared with this ex-Vice President of the United States! The most absorbing object of his thoughts for more than half a century, as his own selected biographer admits, was seduction and intrigue. And that biographer also says, the sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions. He was as ready to attempt to undermine the virtue of the wife or daughter of his dearest friend—of the man who had sacrificed fortune and standing for him—as of the most indifferent person. And nauseous and revolting as is this picture, it is not the worst. Every line he could draw from his victims, was carefully preserved, "as a trophy of victory," (such is Mr. Davis's expression), which was one day to see the light! When eighty years old, he refused to have one of these destroyed! To think of the man who had borne a part in events so important, who had fallen from such a height; who had wandered from country to country on the verge of starvation; who had seen fall before him his only issue, his darling Theodosia, and her son who was to have been the Ascanius of his line and renown; who now glided about the city where he had once held such popularity and power, wholly unnoticed, or pointed out as a wonder to the curiosity of some men of a younger generation—to think of this stricken, desolate, deserted old man, not half so anxious to consign to posterity a vindication of his character from the imputation of treason, as *billets-doux* of victims and associates in licentiousness, now dead, or like himself, old and wrinkled, and decrepit—to think of him, eager thus to betray the dead and living, and to wound the feelings of disgraced relatives, these relatives often his nearest friends—presents a picture of utter meanness and depravity, which we much doubt whether the page of all history can match.

New Discoveries.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

We take the following letter in relation to the alleged discovery by Henry M. Paine of an Electric Light from the "*Scientific American*:"

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, &c.

During the winter of 1844-5, the late Col. Bomford, of the Ordnance Department, and myself were engaged in some experiments, having for their object the precipitation of silex (in solution) by the action of electricity; it being expected that glass so formed would be very dense, and consequently possess a high refractory power. During the course of experiments I became satisfied that so long as the whole body of water around the poles remained a conductive or diffusive medium, the action of the passing currents would be limited, and the results desired unattainable.—With this view of the subject I sought for some method by which the atoms of water in contact with the poles, could be effectually barred from communication with any conductive substance, and yet admit of a continual supply of the water to be decomposed.

Believing in the doctrine of imponderability and immateriality of the electric fluid, all efforts to accomplish the desired result failed, and the experiment was about to be abandoned, when a doubt as to the truth of the books, on the question of the nature of electricity, arose in my mind, and on the faint hope held forth, the experiments were renewed, and the results more than realized the most sanguine expectations; for not only was the insulation of the water perfect, and the decomposition rapid, but the electric fluid was found to be susceptible of accumulation and condensation to an unlimited degree. The ease and rapidity with which the water was resolved into its component gases, naturally suggested the idea of applying the discovery to some practical use, and that of light was selected, as the most simple and inexpensive in its application. But on the very threshold of the experiment an apparently insurmountable obstacle was met in the inability to separate the gases. After a number of serious explosions, the entreaties of my family compelled me to desist.

Although the practical experiments were abandoned, the mental action on the subject was not, and during some time in the Fall of 1848, I concluded that the law which demanded an aqueous communication between the poles, or that the positive and negative poles should both enter one body of water was not correct—a conclusion which a very simple experiment decided to be correct. One pole was inserted into a glass of water in the corner of a large room, and the other pole in an another glass in the opposite corner, and an electrical communication made between. All the water in one glass was decomposed, and the hidrogen only obtained. The result was known, the experiment was considered fully successful, and a small electro-magnetic apparatus, having its helices kept in motion by clock work put in operation at my dwelling, and was found capable of supplying three burners with an abundance of the gases. It was at this period of the experiments that I issued the circular announcing the discovery, and with it an invitation to the citizens of this place to call and examine for themselves.

In the Spring of 1849, a light-house was erected on an eminence, near this city, and the experiment tried on a large scale for several months, at the light-house, besides lighting of a store in the city, the results being entirely successful in both places, and fully justifying the assertions made in the circular of announcement. And here I wish it to be understood, that this must not be considered a mere statement of mine, but the history of the fact is familiar to all whose appreciation of the discovery was sufficient to prompt them to visit my tower or dwelling. The experiments at the light-house continued until September, when an explosion occurred which cast a momentary damp upon the bright prospects of the discovery. This explosion was not due as intimated by "Carburetted Hydrogen," to the explosive nature of the gases, but to an entirely different cause—one peculiar to the construction and action of the instrument under consideration.—That state or action of electricity known as Galvanism, produces decomposition; while that known as intensity, causes repulsion to take place at the electrodes, and deflagration of the decomposing cells is the consequent result. It was to the latter action that the explosion referred to was due, the gases being fired by the melting electrode.

The realizing of the possibility of such an accident made it apparent that some method should be devised, other than that of personal observance, to prevent such explosions in future. The same agent that caused the danger must be made to remove it. This was no easy task, for, independent of the natural difficulty in the case, the press was teeming with scurrilous innuendos: the only difference in whose tenor was, that one journal consigned me to contempt as a humbug, and another to confinement as a lunatic. It is well, however, for the cause of science, that inventors are generally stubborn beings, firmly believing that they are able to perform all they promise, against all the sneers or contempt that may be brought to bear against them; and so in this case, perhaps, the "captious" feeling saved the invention, for the difficulty was overcome, and the apparatus made to govern itself, by the breaking of its circuits when a surcharge is passing.

It has required the labor of months to accomplish this last mentioned part of the invention, and although at the period of writing this, the danger of an explosion is entirely removed, yet the loud reports made by the breaking of the circuits are deemed adverse to the successful introduction of the invention to the public, but it is confidently expected that even this difficulty will be overcome in the course of a few days. Meantime the apparatus and its action is the daily subject of inspection at my rooms in the Exchange—nothing being screened but the interior of the helice and electrodes. The whole process of the decomposition can be seen, and if necessary, felt of. The result of all experiments up to this date are as follows:

The descent of weight 67 lbs. a distance of 5 feet, will generate 900 cubic feet of the gases, at no other expense than the interest of the cost of the apparatus, say $500. You may use the gases for light, power, or purposes of caloric. (I have as yet experimented only with the former,) and make your own deductions.

I receive many letters from your readers, asking what I claim as my invention: permit me here to reply, that I claim to have *discovered* a new principle in electricity, viz.: ponderability, materiality, and obedience to the laws of gravitation. I claim to be the first to accumulate and compress the electric fluid; and I claim to have invented a machine or apparatus which enables me to use the electric fluid for useful purposes in the arts and sciences, at no other cost than the interest of its price.

HENRY M. PAINE.

Worcester, March 7, 1850.

Clippings.

☞ A New Yorker recently purchased, in Michigan, 5,000 prairie chickens, weighing about two pounds each, at five cents apiece, and packed them for the New York market.

☞ A "gentleman" is in training for a prize-fight, in Albany. To increase his muscle, he holds himself out by the collar an hour every day.

☞ The English papers confirm the statement, that the only daughter of the Rev. P. Bronte, incumbent of Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, is the "Currer Bell" who has astonished the world of light reading by her "Jane Eyre," etc.

☞ A lump of gold was received in New York on Saturday per steamer Georgia, by a Mr. Stewart, which is said to be worth $2,300.

☞ The value of diamonds is measured by the carat of four grains, the single carat being worth $40, two carats $80, three $160, and so on. A diamond of one hundred carats is worth $100,000.

☞ The Legislature of Kentucky have passed a bill giving the Chancellor of Louisville jurisdiction to entertain a bill for a divorce on the part of Sallie W. Lawrence, against her husband, Timothy B. Lawrence, of Boston.

☞ Young persons should, above all things, beware of beginnings, and by no means parley with temptations; greatest security is in flight, and in he study to avoid all occasions of evil; for the cockatrice, which may be easily crushed in the egg, if suffered to hatch and grow up, will prove a deadly serpent, hard to be destroyed.

☞ "Always be prepared for death." This was the admonition of a Missouri elder, as he placed in his son's belt two bowie-knives and a pair of revolvers.

☞ Speaking of the folly of trying to correct the infirmities of those we love, Fielding beautifully remarks that the finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have a flaw in it; and this, in either case, is equally incurable; yet the pattern may remain of the highest value.

☞ Many years ago, when we "published" in the country, a raw-looking bumpkin from "somewhere up in the woods," poked his face into our office, one day, and inquired of our devil, why Jack Downing didn't spell better? "A feller so ignorant as that," said he, with some warmth, "had ought to know better than to rite for the papers."—*Exchange.*

☞ They talk of giving the Mississippi River another mouth—one into Lake Ponchartrain, back of New Orleans.

☞ It is stated that two officers of the British 28th regiment are under arrest for having "maliciously ill-treated" the statue of George the Second, which stands in the centre of the citadel of Plymouth.

☞ ROBBER'S ARGUMENT.—"If I don't get that man's money, somebody else will, therefore I'll rob him."

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, oh, man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
HAVE FAITH, and struggle on.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

OUR NOVELETS.

We complete in this number, T. S. Arthur's very interesting and instructive story of "The Old Astrologer." And those of our readers who perused a story, published by us last year, called "*Isabel Dennison*," will be pleased to hear that we intend commencing, next week, another by the same author, which is of equal interest. It will probably run through about four papers.—Persons intending to subscribe for the Post, will find this novelet a capital one to begin with. We shall publish, as usual, an extra quantity for new subscribers, but those who wish the story had better send on at once—as we sometimes find it difficult to supply back numbers, such is our rapidly increasing circulation.

PRIVATE INTERCOURSE.

From some instances that have recently come to our knowledge, we are forced to conclude that very many individuals who consider themselves gentlemen and ladies, do not hold in proper estimation the sacredness of private intercourse. If there is to be such a thing as private intercourse at all, it is necessary for the preservation of that degree of social freedom without which it cannot exist, that the parties to that intercourse should hold themselves sacredly bound not to pervert it to purposes of evil and mischief. If in the freedom of a social circle, A. has expressed himself of B. in a manner that would pain or anger the latter, it is the extreme of meanness in any one who was present, to inform B. of what has been said. And meaner still is it, where only two are conversing together, for either to report what took place at the conversation, as freely as if he had read it in a newspaper.

Now, several instances have come under our notice of late, in which persons have acted in direct disregard of this sacredness of private intercourse. Conversations have been reported, which may or may not have taken place, but which, if they did take place, should never have been told abroad at all, much less to the persons calculated to be most wounded thereby. The consequences of such social treachery soon manifest themselves in general distrust and a fettered lip and heart. For the most innocent and allowable expressions of opinion, may easily be tortured by the malicious into the foulest slanders.—Opinions dropped in the haste or carelessness of private conversation, may be publicly imputed to those whose sober judgments would repudiate them, and who, perhaps, regretted afterwards that they were expressed. Thus mischief is set afoot—friendships are severed, one man is set against his neighbor, hatred takes the place of general good feeling, and the tale bearer and slanderer becomes the great moving influence of society.

And it is not among the ignorant and uncultivated only that this condition of things to a great degree obtains. Talented and cultivated (*mentally* cultivated) men and women, appear to be as much infected as any others. In fact, there is a somewhat distinguished literary circle in a neighboring city, of which, *if you believe the words of its members*, almost every man is a villain, and almost every woman a profligate. We prefer to believe, however, that they are almost all slanderers.

Now, what is the remedy for this system of slander and detraction? Let every man and woman cherish, in the first place, an habitual reverence for the sacredness of words spoken in private conversation, or at the social circle. And, while careful not to originate, let them also as resolutely refuse to circulate slanders. Let them, once for all, refuse to carry these live coals of the devil. Surely there is enough noble in manhood, and beautiful in womanhood, for our minds to contemplate and feed on, without battening upon this moral garbage. As we eat, so shall we grow. Every man has his virtues and his faults, let us choose rather to contemplate the former than the latter. Nature, also, has its mud-puddles, its manure heaps: but we do not, for the sake of investigating these, turn from the glorious sun of its noon-day, or even from the stars of its night.

And, moreover, let us refuse to hear the tale of the slanderer, even when we are the party that he says has been injured. How can we put faith in the report of one, who has broken his implied faith to another? How shall we repose confidence in him, who shows himself a friend of contention and of strife? Let us say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not of the things that be of God!" Let us refuse to listen to the tale bearer's story—our characters, if worth preserving, will take care of themselves. Why should we live in a choking atmosphere of doubt and mistrust, even if others have spoken ill of us. Depend on it, we shall not often err as to who really are our true friends.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

By an advertisement on the third page of this paper, it will be perceived that George R. Graham is once more at the head of the popular magazine which bears his name. Owing to some unfortunate speculations in the Stock market, Mr. Graham was compelled, a few years ago, to part with his magazine. In the mutations of this very changeable world, Mr. Graham is again on his feet, and prepared to make another struggle for fame and fortune. Knowing his enterprise and ability, we feel no hesitancy in assuring the public, that as soon as can be reasonably expected, a marked improvement in the general character of the contents of the magazine will take place. Those who wish to subscribe for a good magazine, and at the same time give an able, self-made, and generous-hearted man a shove upward towards his old position, cannot do better than send on their money to *G. R. Graham, Editor, No. 134 Chesnut St., Phila.*

MRS. MILLER.

The friends of Mrs. Miller are out in a statement, appealing to the public, in all parts of the country, to assist and co-operate with them in the restoration of the unfortunate lady, if she be alive, to her parents and children, and pledging themselves to indemnify any officer or person who may assist them in so doing. Mrs. Miller is described as being "small in person, about four feet eight or nine inches in stature, with dark eyes and dark hair, and a complexion inclined to brunette, with a youthful look." Our readers will remember her as the lady who pretended to go over the falls of Niagara, but who is feared to have suffered even a greater and more disastrous fall than that would have been.

TASTING ROMANCE.

Our poet friend, J. Bayard Taylor, as we learn from the New York Tribune, was robbed coming home through Mexico from California. He was riding along, when an opportunity was afforded him of looking into the muzzles of three muskets. Thinking, if he proceeded, he might perhaps run against a bullet, he pulled up. The gentlemen of the road then proceeded to ease him of his surplus cash, (which was not much, as he had all his funds invested in a draft on Mexico,) and various articles of clothing. They then left him tied in a ravine off the road. Mr. Taylor does not inform us how he was released, or what his musings were (whether poetical or otherwise) during his captivity—but he does tell us that he made his first appearance in the city of the Montezumas covered with dust, and clad in the "weather beaten corduroys," which were all the robbers had spared him. In relation to this part of the subject, he indulges in the following appposite reflection—"It is a pleasant thing to have friends your own size."

Mr. Taylor thinks, notwithstanding his experience, that the difficulties and dangers of Mexican travel have been "greatly overrated." He says: "A prudent and cautious man, (I confess I was not sufficiently cautious,) armed with a pair of good revolvers, may travel the length and breadth of the country with little danger of being plundered. A company of five is perfectly safe anywhere. The rancheros are for the most part an inoffensive race, who would sooner do one a kindness than an injury. To the imprudence of our own countrymen, I am convinced, is to be attributed the greater part of the quarrels that have occurred." He further says:

> I do not believe that a more docile or kindly-disposed people exists than the rancheros of Western Mexico. In all my intercourse with them I was treated with unvarying honesty, and with a hospitality as sincere as it was courteous and respectful. Resting sometimes at the little villages on the road, sometimes under the palm thatch of a solitary rancho, among the hills, I was never imposed upon as a stranger nor insulted as an American. More than once my hosts objected to receiving any pay for the night's lodging and the simple meal of tortillas and frijoles which I had shared with them. So far from being implicated with the robbers, they warned me to be on my guard against them, and at parting, frequently invoked for me the blessing of "Ave Maria Santisima."
>
> As regards their hostility to Americans, I found none of it, but, on the reverse, a decided partiality. In speaking of us they exhibited (and I say it not with any feeling of national pride,) the liking which men bear to their superiors. They acknowledged our greater power and intelligence as a nation, without jealousy, and with an anticipation rather than a fear, that our rule will one day be extended over them. The same impression seems to prevail among the foreigners resident in Mexico, and from them I have learned that the demeanor of the native Mexicans towards strangers has been entirely changed since the late war. Our enthusiastic politicians at home are not alone in their ideas of Manifest Destiny; but for America's sake, not Mexico's, I would hope that the fulfilment of their prophecies is still very far distant.

Since writing the above, we have received a letter from Mr. Taylor, dated New York, in which he says that he is "safe home at last, and none the worse for his adventures," and also informs us that his two volumes of travels in California, Mexico, &c., "will be out in about twenty days, superbly printed, and with a number of original illustrations." We feel no hesitancy in advising our readers to procure this work at once upon its appearance. It cannot help but be extremely interesting.

THE NAVY.

Certain statements were made relative to flogging in the navy, at a large meeting recently held in New York upon the subject, which are worth laying before our readers. We believe we have heretofore mentioned that the experiment of governing sailors without the lash, was successfully made by those three famous captains, Drake, Collingwood and Nelson. And we have no doubt that an examination into the records of the naval service, would prove that it is almost universally the case that the best and bravest officers are the kindest and most respectful towards their men—and that it is a class who have grossly mistaken their calling, and who attempt to make up for their own blunders and natural want of the requisite ability to command, by laying the blame upon their crews, with whom not a day passes without a resort to the lash.

A fact was stated relative to the alleged attempt at Mutiny upon the Somers, a number of years ago, which goes far to prove the incompetency of the officers of that vessel. It is alleged that, during her cruise, two thousand seven hundred lashes were inflicted on the crew—mostly boys. To think of men being alone with others, in a small vessel, in the solitude of the high seas, and yet be unable to control them, except by a constant resort to the lash, the lash, the lash! If we were a naval officer, and could not govern our men in any other manner than this, if we know ourselves, we would plead incompetency, and throw up our commission. We would acknowledge at once that, tried in the Great Supreme Court of Practice, we were adjudged not gifted by nature with the power to command. For, republican as we are, we do not believe that men are "created equal," in *that* sense. We believe some men are naturally fitted to command, and that others are not. The equality which we contend for, is an equality of rights before the law. But we do not believe that all men are equally fitted to fill the official positions of the country. No, all the difference between a country's being prosperous and unprosperous, generally depends upon the ability of the people to select out to fill the offices, the wisest and best men of the land.

The following anecdote of Captain, now Commodore Levy, also told at the New York meeting, shows what a set of dolts, either by force of nature or of the existing naval laws, are to be found in the Navy:

> Instead of punishing a boy, on one occasion, for mimicking one of the junior officers, Captain Levy merely made him act the part of the parrot, for the purpose of curing him of his mimicking propensities. *For not punishing with the lash, Captain Levy was tried by a court martial, and the result was the court agreed to cashier him.* The President, however, refused to sanction the sentence; and afterwards, when the promotion of that officer was submitted to the Senate, it was ratified unanimously.

EFFIGIES.

That is a curious engraving on our first page. We remember reading, somewhere, that the people of this city burnt Arnold in effigy, when the news of his treason reached them—and our picture is, beyond all doubt, a contemporary and correct portraiture of that event.

By the way, we perceive that the New Yorkers intend to burn the Phantom of Disunion. The New York correspondent of the "Ledger" says:

> The phantom will be made up of a gigantic figure, in the centre of an iron cordon of shields, each representing a State of the Union. It will be free from all personal, political, or sectional allusions. The figure is to be made of wood and *papier mache*, 20 feet high, and filled with combustibles.
>
> The encirclement (that the figure appears endeavoring to destroy,) will contain the names and coats of arms of each of the thirty States, bound together with a band of iron.
>
> The words, "LET NO MAN SUNDER THE UNION THAT GOD HAS FORMED," will be represented by letters of opaque fire works.
>
> The figure will be taken on a car drawn by six horses, preceded by a band of music, up the Bowery to Union Square, then down Broadway to the Park, arriving there at half-past eight o'clock.
>
> The grand denouement of the destruction of the figure of disunion, and the explosion of fire-works, will take place at nine o'clock—the Union of the States being left unharmed and indissoluble.

Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, says it is a childish affair. It may be so, but he should remember that a great majority of the men and women in the world are merely "grown-up children." As the poet says:

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.

A Boston correspondent of the "Literary World," tells the following good anecdote:

> The Rev. Dr. Bethune has been preaching and lecturing here to large audiences. A week or two since he startled the congregation at the Park street church, by the administration of a reproof to those literary pests, the "improvers" of hymns, who are to sacred poetry what Nahum Tate was to Shakspeare. At the close of his sermon he gave out Cowper's hymn in five stanzas, commencing—
>
> "There is a fountain filled with blood."
>
> He finished reading it, stopped rather suddenly, and exclaimed, in a clear, distinct voice, "*this last stanza is not as Cowper wrote it! As he wrote it, it runs thus*," upon which he laid down the book and repeated it from memory. "*I should like to know*," he continued, "*who has had the presumption to alter Cowper's poetry? The choir will sing only the first four stanzas of the hymn.*"

COTTON IN JAMAICA.

Some time since, we quoted a passage from an article in the "London Times," in relation to the adaptation of the soil of Jamaica to the culture of Cotton. Since then, letters have been received stating that the subject is creating quite an excitement in the British West Indies. Many persons have expressed a determination to try the experiment of raising Cotton, and in one Parish, its cultivation has been already begun. We look with some curiosity to see the result of these trials, though we have not much faith in their success. We believe the East India project is acknowledged on all hands to be a failure.

THE FASHIONS.

We have received from Messrs. S. A. & A. F. Ward, No. 62 Walnut street, Phila., one of their handsomely executed Fashion Plates, for the Spring and Summer of 1850. *See Advertisement.*

MISS KIMBERLY.—We perceive that Miss Kimberly is on her return from New Orleans. She recently read in Savannah to "large and fashionable" audiences, and was highly commended by the "Daily Georgian," published in that city.

OUR MINISTERS ABROAD.

The Madrid correspondent of a London paper, tells a laughable story relative to Mr. Barringer, our Minister to Spain. He says that after Mr. B. had been some time in Madrid, the Spanish Prime Minister, Narvaez, considered it would be doing only the handsome thing to call upon the American Minister, and ask about the health of the President, &c. The account thus proceeds:

> Now, it so happened, that neither he nor any of his attaches could speak a word of Spanish, and that none of the servants were acquainted with the person of Narvaez. When he inquired for the Minister, the negro servant who opened the door, allowed him to wait in the hall, merely informing Mr. Barringer that a Spanish gentleman was below. The ambassador, being occupied with domestic cares, paid little attention to this; but happening, some time afterwards, to look into the hall, beheld, to his dismay, the dictator twisting his mustachios, and looking any thing but pleased at the humble part he was compelled to enact. What was to be done? The only room completely furnished in the house was the sleeping apartment of the ambassadress, into which blacky was ordered to usher the field-marshal.—The bed was unmade, a bath was there, every thing was in a litter, and bore evidence of a hasty toilette. Stammering out a few incoherent words in Spanish, the minister was obliged to call in the negro to act as interpreter, when Narvaez insisted that, as the poor fellow was thus promoted to act as intermediary, he should take a chair beside them. After a brief, but by no means amusing visit, the Premier departed, surprised, and not a little amused at such an undiplomatic reception."

We know not how much truth there is in the above,—neither do we care much. It appears to us only in the light of a good joke. We grant it would be well for our ministers abroad to always have a spare room to receive their titled visiters in, but, further than this, we do not care how little ceremony they use. The idea of certain members of Congress, that it is necessary to raise the salaries of our representatives in Europe, in order to enable them to live in more style, and thus increase their influence, is as ridiculous as it is unrepublican. In such an artificial state of society as exists in the old world, extremes are always fashionable, and the extreme of plainness, (such as Franklin exhibited when Ambassador to France,) is just as potent as the extreme of luxury. It is even more potent than a degree of luxury, which is all our ministers abroad could expect to indulge in. Republican simplicity is thus not only consistency, but it is true policy.

But, after all, what does it matter, except among ignorant savages, in what style an ambassador lives? He will be respected in proportion to the power behind him, in proportion to the greatness of the nation he represents. The ambassadors of Republican Rome, in plain and simple attire, shook with their slightest words the gorgeous courts of Asiatic princes. And so will America hereafter shake the world, without condescending to the luxuries and tinsel of rank which she should scorn, and the trickeries of foreign diplomacy which she should despise.

FINDING THEM OUT.

This country has now two or three female editors—and, between them, they are letting out all the secrets of woman-craft. The last secret flowed out from the ready quill of Mrs. Prewitt, editor of the "*Yazoo City Whig.*" She shows, in a recent number of that paper, how, even in political matters, the Southern gentlemen are made to do as their "better halves" desire.—If this be so, the Union is undoubtedly safe, so far as the South is concerned, for the ladies everywhere are known to be, as a contemporary has wisely observed, "in favor of the Union—to a man!" But hear Mrs. Prewett:

> Mrs. Swisshelm says that if women are not allowed to vote, they should not be imprisoned for stealing. In this Southern country the ladies all do vote—not in *propria persona*, but through their husbands, lovers or brothers. A lady, a very beautiful and talented one, by the way, once told us that she always made her husband vote for the candidate she preferred. Of course we inquired the *modus operandi*—and learned one of the nicest pieces of feminine Machiavelism that we ever heard of. We recommend this bit of strategy to our lady readers, but beg not to be handed down to posterity with the great Florentine Minister, as the teacher of duplicity and cunning. This is the piece of Machiavelliany which our fair friend said she practised on her loving lord.
>
> Once on a time, there were two candidates for Sheriff of a certain county—Jones and Smith, we will call them—as those names are in belle letters what John Doe and Richard Roe are in mathematics. Mr. Brown wanted to vote for Smith, and was partly committed to him—but Mrs. B. preferred Jones. Of course, she was too good a tactitian to express her preference—but one day, when her husband was a little irritated about something that had gone wrong in his business, she remarked, carelessly, on some people's tastes—and the odd ideas they took up about *somebody's* looks. Brown showed evident signs of being interested—and Mrs. B. went on. "What can put it into Mrs. Smith's head, that you, my dear, squint?" Brown grew nervous, threw down the newspaper—but said nothing—his wife changed the subject, as though it was of no importance—talked on all sorts of agreeable topics—and finally told him that her dear friend Mrs. Jones would be there to tea—that he would have to try to get through his business early enough to walk home with her—then throwing her arm around his neck, said, coaxingly, "But, my dear, I am a *little* disposed to be jealous, for you know Mrs. J. is such an admirer of yours." Who do you suppose Mr. Brown voted for—Smith or Jones?

EMERSON.

They tell queer stories about the sayings of Ralph Waldo Emerson—some of which we have already laid before our readers. Here is another, which we find in one of our contemporaries:

> When Mrs. Fanny Kemble was presented to Mr. Emerson, he listened to her, and looked at her, for a while, and then, relinquishing her to a third person, he stepped aside, and exclaimed breathlessly to a friend:—"WHAT QUANTITY!"

That will do pretty well to tell—but Emerson is a genius (something more than a queer one, too,) notwithstanding. Those who call him a mere second edition of Carlyle, do not know what they are talking about. He is equally original with Carlyle, and quite as great, if not a greater thinker. His essays are calculated to breathe a noble, self-sustaining life in the appreciative reader. As we meditate upon his calm, great thoughts, we acquire in a degree similar calm, self-reliance, and heroic will to do and dare. Emerson is not, we grant, strictly speaking, Christian, but he is a glorious old Grecian philosopher. He is not Christian, but the man that his philosophy would make, would be a glorious stem to graft Christianity upon. Christianity, to such a man, would be the crowning virtue. Therefore we do not think Emerson's philosophy, by any means, a pernicious one. It wants Christian "grace," Christian resignation and humility, but it is a noble preparation for these. And we believe the word that he has felt called upon to speak, is one which though not the *highest* truth, was needed to be spoken in this somewhat craven age.

LARGE WHEAT FIELDS.

We have received from Mr. J. G. Fox, of Lockport, Penn., the following letter:

> MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of March 2d, you state that between Laporte and Michigan city, the road runs for ten miles through a magnificent wheat field, without a single division fence, though owned by several individuals. This is an erroneous idea you have. I have resided at Michigan city for two years, and it is 12 miles from Michigan city to Laporte, the road runs through woods most of the way with but now and then a wheat field; the soil is of a whitish sand, not very productive and timbered with red, and black and white oaks of a very interior size. East and south of Laporte is an extensive wheat growing country, abounding in beautiful and rich prairies as far as the eye can reach, but the largest enclosure I know of is one section.
>
> Yours, &c.,
>
> JOHN G. FOX.

We are obliged to Mr. Fox for the above correction. The mistake was not ours, however.—We do not pretend to be responsible for the accuracy of either news or general information, taken from other papers or from books. When we make a statement ourselves, of something professedly within our own knowledge, we endeavor to be scrupulously correct, and if all other writers would be equally guarded, a large amount of inaccurate assertions would never find its way into print.

CANADA.

We said, week before last, in an article upon Canadian annexation, that notwithstanding Lord John Russell's recent declaration of the intentions of the British Crown, the question was really one that depended entirely upon Canada herself to settle. We now see that the "*London Times*" says that, in case an overwhelming majority in Canada declares either for annexation or for that independence which would infallibly lead to it, "we (the English people) have a right to ask beforehand that our own loyalty may be spared a painful appeal. England (says the *Times*) has spent one hundred millions in the vain attempt to subjugate the United States, and she will not do the like again. *If Canada chooses to run the fearful risk of causeless separation, let her do so, if not with our consent, at least without our opposition.*" This article, following close upon the heels of Lord John Russell's threat, occasioned considerable sensation in the English political circles.

THE CHOLERA.

We regret to notice that the cholera has again appeared in various places in the South-West. "Forewarned, Forearmed," should be the motto of every village, town and city in the land. Scrupulous attention should be paid to general and private cleanliness—streets should be regularly swept, decayed and decaying matter removed, purificatory remedies used, and the whole country be placed in a condition to afford as little food for the plague as possible. We trust, if all due precautions are used, that the ravages of the disease will be slight compared to its violence last summer.

INTEREST TABLES.

We call the attention of our readers to the notice of Mr. Breban's Interest Tables, in our advertising columns.

FOOTE AND BORLAND.

Messrs. Foote and Borland—of the Senate of the United States (whisper it not in Europe)—recently had first an altercation, and then a "set-to," in the streets of Washington. Foote accused Borland of being a mere echo of Calhoun's, whereupon Borland—forgetful of his anti-duelling principles, for which we gave him so much praise in the Post a year or two ago—struck the Senator from Mississippi "between the eyes." Borland, it is stated, has since offered an ample apology, and the parties are on friendly terms again. We are glad to hear this. The next best thing to not doing a wrong or foolish thing, is to repair the mischief as soon as possible. Perceiving the height to which the heat of discussion occasionally rises in the Senate, we have a notion to get up a revised edition of Watts's instructive songs for the use of that body, somewhat in this fashion:

Grave Senators should never let
Their angry passions rise,
Their little hands were never made
To scratch each other's eyes.

If Congress will promise to subscribe for an edition of 10,000 copies, "for the use of the members," we will proceed to the work of revision and publication immediately.

CONGRESS.

Our regular Congressional proceedings are brought up to Monday, as usual. On Monday, Mr. Badger addressed the Senate, on Mr. Clay's resolutions—expressing his deep sense of the value of the Union, and recommending conciliation and forbearance.

Mr. King interrogated Mr. Hale, as to his assertion that Mr. Buchanan had declared that "the Democracy of the North was the natural ally of Slavery." Mr. King denied that Mr. Buchanan had ever said so, as did Messrs. Davis and Cass. Mr. Hale said he was at that time unprepared to prove his assertion, but that he would do so hereafter by the documents.

In the House several speeches were made. Mr. Williams said that Mr. Calhoun's doctrines were not those of the South, and avowed his own opposition to the Nashville Convention. Mr. Casey was for leaving the people of the territories to form their own governments. Mr. Giddings said that in the matter of fugitive slaves, the Supreme Court had decided that the people and authorities of the free States could not lawfully interfere.

LITERARY NEWS, &C.

"The Scarlet Letter," a romance by Hawthorne, is nearly ready for publication—it is said that Mr. Hawthorne will devote himself henceforth entirely to literary pursuits; he is now engaged on another romance. "The Nooning," a new poem by Jas. Russell Lowell, will be published in May. Mr. Whittier's "Songs of Labor," and "The Angel World," by the author of "Festus," also will appear in May. Grace Greenwood's "Greenwood Leaves" have had a very large sale—she is preparing a new volume for the press. The Boston ladies—according to a Boston correspondent of the Literary World—are delighted with "those beautiful statuettes, Cupid and *Sykesey*"—while one of them recently asked him, if he had ever read a more affecting poem than Thomas Hood's "*Tale of the Shirt.*"

THE LONDON ICE TRADE.

The London Ice Trade is said to be a very fatal one to those who embark in it. The ice, it is stated, was formerly imported from New England, at a cost of about ten dollars a ton,—now it is brought from Norway, at a cost of only about five dollars. C. B. Lander, of Salem, Mass., who sent the first cargo of Wenham ice to England, and introduced it into general use, returned to the U. S., deeply in debt. In this country, we believe, the ice business is about like others, on the average—only more fluctuating.

THE NORTH-WEST TRIBES.

Another letter from Copway, the Indian Chief, will probably appear in our next.

Our Correspondents

ENLISTMENTS.

We have received a communication from a Recruiting Sergeant of this city, relative to a paragraph in a story published some time ago in the Post. As we always are willing to see "fair play," and as our correspondent furnishes some useful information respecting the manner in which soldiers are required by law to be enlisted into the regular service, we give his communication an insertion with pleasure.

FRANK MILLER'S ENLISTMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—In reading the Saturday Evening Post, of a few weeks' since, I find, in MRS. SOUTHWORTH's story of "The Little Rough Cast House," the following paragraph relative to "Frank Miller:"

> "It was in the swaggering state of his drunkenness that he was met by a Recruiting Sergeant, and under the influence of intoxication that he volunteered to go to Mexico. Not to lose his new recruit, the Sergeant took him at once to the Marine Garrison, where the company in which he had enlisted, were quartered."

The above paragraph, Mr. Editor, is the "burden of my complaint" on this occasion; and the object of this communication is to show that Mrs. S.'s mode of enlisting soldiers is not *the mode* of those specially employed in this branch of the Public Service.

The mere meeting a Recruiting Sergeant, and signifying a wish to become a soldier, does not by any means constitute the applicant's enlistment. If, then, "Frank Miller" was enlisted at all, the Sergeant spoken of, must have conveyed him, "in the swaggering stage of his drunkenness," to his Commanding Officer; and meeting his approval, the officer sends him in that "swaggering stage" to the Examining Surgeon, who certifies to his fitness in the following manner:

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above named Recruit, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and that in my opinion he is free from *all bodily defects* and *mental* infirmity, which would, *in any way*, disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.

From the ordeal of the Army Surgeon he passes in "his drunkenness," to the Magistrate, who administers to him the oath—and, finally, returns to the officer, who approves and ratifies the drunken man's proceedings after this wise:—

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Recruit, "Frank Miller," *previously* to his enlistment, and that he was *entirely sober* when enlisted; that, to the best of my *judgment and belief*, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have *strictly observed the Regulations which govern the Recruiting Service.*

Such, Mr. Editor, is the *modus operandi* of enlisting Recruits for the United States Army; and if our authoress seriously believes that the "Frank Miller" of her story was so enlisted—"in the swaggering stage of his drunkenness," I mean, she believes what my experience teaches me is unworthy of belief. I have been a General Recruiting Sergeant since April, 1847, and I can say, without the fear of contradiction, that my Commanding Officers have not enlisted, in any case, under any circumstances, any man, "in the swaggering stage of his drunkenness."—Neither have they, knowingly, taken from the Wife her Husband, or from the Mother, her only Son. By inquiry and examination, you will find that the course of business pursued at the Recruiting Depot in this city, is above reproach. The present commanding officer, (Major Russell,) refuses all applicants, who admit that they are in the habit of drinking liquor as a beverage; and by a reference to the Records there kept, it will be seen that of one thousand six hundred and sixty-six *rejected* applications for enlistment, since October 1848, to February 1850, inclusive, that two hundred and seventy-one were for habits of Intemperance,—one hundred and fifty-two for being under age, and sixty-three for being married.

I feel that Mrs. Southworth, (unintentionally I hope,) in her story of the "Little Rough Cast House," has greatly added to the already accumulated weight of odium resting upon the Recruiting Service, and the sergeants connected with it. And to vindicate those of pure hearts and clear hands, has led me, Mr. Editor, to tax thus heavily your patience and your columns. Really yours—

A GENERAL RECRUITING SERGEANT,
U. S. A.

Notwithstanding what our correspondent, the Recruiting Sergeant, says, he cannot but admit that soldiers were frequently discharged by our Courts during the Mexican war, on the plea that they were enlisted *while drunk*. How this was done—whether in violation of the rules of the service or not—does not make any practical difference. And this fact seems to us quite sufficient to bear out Mrs. Southworth in the *substance* of her assertion.

DICTIONARY WARFARE.—Quite a discussion has been lately going on before the Education Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature as to the comparative merits of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, originating in an attempt on the part of the enterprising publishers of the former to establish their own lexicographic standard in the schools of the Commonwealth under high legislative sanction. The advocates of each system of orthography appeared, and urged the claims of their favorite system; and the contest resulted in the recommendation of the Committee that the Board of Education should supply each School District in the State with a copy of either dictionary, as the School Committee of each town shall elect.

☞ AN IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF MAKING A CANNON.—Take a long hole, and pour brass round it.

New Publications.

TO PUBLISHERS.

A number of books on hand shall be noticed in our next.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The April number of Graham (now, again, truly Graham's,) contains a beautiful engraving of the "Mirror of Beauty," one of "The Sunshine of Love," a Fashion Plate, &c. In looking over the literary contents, we are glad to see the name of that noble poet, J. Russell Lowell, in his old place in Graham—he furnishes, this month, a poem called "Out of Doors." Grace Greenwood has a story, which looks very inviting, but which, at the period of writing this, we have not yet had time to read. The other contributions are by Emma C. Embury, H. K. Benner, W. P. Mulchinock, H. B. Hirst, Enna Duval, Alfred B. Street, Mrs. Eames, &c. Geo. D. Prentiss, of the "*Louisville Journal*," contributes the following:

LINES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

The sunset's sweet and holy blush,
Is imaged in the sleeping stream,
All nature's deep and solemn hush
Is like the silence of a dream;
And peace seems brooding like a dove
O'er scenes to musing spirits dear—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The myriad flowers of every hue
Are sinking to their evening rest,
Each with a timid drop of dew
Soft folded to its sleeping breast;
The birds within yon silent grove
Are dreaming that the spring is near—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

On yon white cloud the night-wind furls
Its lone and dewy wing to sleep,
And the sweet stars look out like pearls
Through the clear waves of heaven's blue deep;
The pale mists float around, above,
Like spirits of a holier sphere—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The pale full moon, in silent pride,
O'er yon dark wood is rising now,
As lovely as when by thy side
I saw it shining on thy brow;
It lights the dew-drops of the grove
As hope's bright smile lights beauty's tear—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

Ah! as I muse, a strange, wild thrill
Steals o'er the fibres of my frame—
A gentle presence seems to fill
My heart with love and life and flame;
I feel thy spirit round me move,
I know thy soul is hovering near—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I am blest, for thou art here.

THE CONVICT SHIP. *By C. A. Browning, M. D. With a Preface by Rev. J. H. Fowler, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. Phila: Lindsay & Blakiston.* The author of this volume was an intelligent, pious and zealous surgeon of the Royal Navy, who was placed in charge of some two or three hundred English convicts, during their transportation, on board the *Earl Grey*, to the penal colony of Van Diemen's Land. His work consists of an account of his successful attempt to elevate these unpromising subjects, from the state of sin and ignorance in which he found them, into the truth and light of a higher and religious sphere. At their debarkation, nearly all the prisoners could read, and upwards of one hundred gave hopeful evidence of a change of heart, which their after conduct did not belie. The author says:—"Of the men who arrived by the Earl Grey, I received when last at Hobart Town, after they had been two years and a half in the colony, the most pleasing reports." The testimony of this volume to the power of brotherly love and Christian truth over the most hardened natures, is a very comforting and valuable one. From a letter furnished by one of the convicts, a most efficient helper of Mr. Browning in his good work, we take the following, which we commend to the attention of our naval officers: "I never saw a man or a boy softened and improved by flogging, or other harsh measures. A very wise man once said, you know, (and he spoke by the Spirit,) 'Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar amongst wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him;' and so it is with *flogging*; it only renders the feelings more callous, and the effects on the minds of others are any thing but salutary."

But what is the use of multiplying proofs that kindness and respect are more powerful influences to right than lashes and curses.—Every man's heart will tell him that, so far as he is himself concerned—and all men are alike in this respect. Severity may breed deception and secret hate, but it can never produce real and true reformation. Neither would it be well if it could do so. It would be a proof that the original elements even of man's fallen nature, were lower than they are.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR. *By Madison Tensas, M. D., with original designs by Darley, Phila., A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.* This, like the usual run of humorous works, contains some humor, and a good deal of coarse joking. The "Rattlesnake on a Steamboat," published in the Post some time last year, is the best story in the book. Judging from what we see, we think that *good* humorous stories must be the hardest of all kinds to write. All the writers in the United States, hardly furnish sufficient to fill our weekly column of "wit and humor."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The April number of Godey contains engravings called "Smiles and Tears," "Sing Me that Sweet Song Again," "The Surprise Party," Fashion Plate, &c.,—the first named the best, by odds. The literary matter is by Anna Wilmot, Mrs. Stewart, T. S. Arthur, W. G. Simms, Kate Sutherland, Mrs. Ellet, Carl Linley, Mrs. Hale, &c., &c.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.—Sartain for April contains engravings called "The Departure," "The Apostle Paul at Malta," "Spring" (a light and graceful picture), &c. The contributors to this number are R. H. Stoddard, Mrs. Kirkland, John Todd, T. B. Read, J. G. Saxe, Harriett Martineau, John Sartain, &c.

HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS. *By S. G. Goodrich.* We have received No. 13 of this excellent universal history. It is for sale by *W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.*

SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN HUNGARY. *E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.* An interesting volume which we will notice more at length hereafter.

Clippings.

☞ The Legislature of Mississippi, has voted to appropriate $20,000 to pay the expenses of the Delegates to the Nashville Convention, and to appropriate $200,000 more to future contingencies, subject to the control of the Legislature. This last was carried by a vote of 44 to 40.

☞ The New Hampshire election has resulted in the Democrats electing all their State officers and the Legislature, by a larger majority than last year. The Free Soil vote is much smaller.

☞ A battle has occurred in Yucatan, in which the government obtained a decided victory over the Indians. This, it is thought, will end the war.

☞ The expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, will sail from New York in May. Lieut. De Haven has been tendered the command.

☞ A man named Joseph W. Phillips has been arrested in Savannah for stealing a number of *cotton bales.*

☞ Marcus Hook, which has heretofore formed, in fact, a part of the State of Pennsylvania, has been ascertained, by the survey of the boundary commissioners, to belong to Delaware.

☞ Mr. Butler, of S. C., observed in the U. S. Senate on the 8th, that the free colored persons in South Carolina were in possession of civil rights, could hold property, claim the protection of the laws, &c. Many of the colored persons in South Carolina, he added, held slaves.

☞ The Hon. W. J. Lawton, who was appointed a Delegate to the Nashville Convention, has written a letter to the Savannah Georgian, in which he declines the proffered honor. He says, "I have a devotion, almost to idolatry, to the glorious stars and stripes."

☞ Gotham is a town in Nottinghamshire, England, remarkable for singularly stupid men, and hence the phrase "the wise men of Gotham."

☞ In the natural history of insects, the grub turns into a butterfly; but it often occurs in the natural history of man, that the butterfly turns into a grub.

☞ A minister, having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gentleman his opinion of it; he replied that "Twas very good, but that it had spoiled a goose worth two of it."

☞ Mr. Colt, superintendent of the canal at Fort Stanwix, being provoked by an Irishman, gave him a sturdy kick.

"By St. Patrick," retorted the Hibernian, "if you kick so while you are a Colt, what will you do when you are a horse, your honor?"

☞ Alfred B. Street, the New York poet, gives a good picture of a country school in a single line:—

"On the great cross-road stands the rustic school,
Humming like some great bee-hive."

☞ We should all be estimated by the work we actually *do*; not by what we intend, or project, or may be supposed capable of accomplishing; for, "the end of man's life is an Action, not a Thought, however noble."

FORTUNE SLIPPING THROUGH THE FINGERS.—A letter received in Salem last week, gives an account of an accident which must have occasioned a severe disappointment to the subject of it. A digger who had brought from the mines twenty-five pounds of gold, carried it in a tin pail to the vessel on which he had taken passage for home. By some misstep, or other mischance, most unluckily it slipped from his hand over the ship's side, and went to the bottom, in forty feet of water, leaving the poor digger minus his fortune.—*Boston Times.*

☞ A WEIGHTY JURY.—A court was greatly amused at Charleston, S. C., the other day, by the assembling, one after another, of a *fat jury*. The respective weights of fifteen of the jurors were ascertained, and the aggregate was 3,354 lbs., an average of 223 9-15ths—the minimum being 200, and the maximum 280 lbs.

☞ We read in a Sheffield paper that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." The same may be said of human cutlery; that "the last polish to a young blade is given by his mixing with female society."—*Punch.*

☞ "I'm afraid that you do not practice much self-denial," said a parson to a pretty Miss in Newport.

"Nay, but I do," said she, "for every day I fall in with pretty young men whom I want to kiss most sadly; but I deny myself that pleasure."

☞ From the rising to the setting of the sun each day, *forty-two thousand* souls are summoned to the grave.

☞ CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Senate of Ohio, on the 8th inst., the bill to abolish capital punishment was ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 26 to 10.

SIMEON of old the Church has made a saint,
'Cause on high pillars he did live and die;
Yet on his character is left a taint—
With all his sanctity, he—*lived too high!*

☞ "Here's your money, dolt. Now, you intolerable jackass, tell me why your scoundrelly master wrote me eighteen letters about this little, contemptible sum?" said an exasperated debtor.

"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were bekase seventeen letters didn't fetch the cheese."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ Hear Napoleon Bonaparte upon *Long Noses*: "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together."

SWEET is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a Mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years—
The only love which, on this teeming earth,
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

☞ There is nothing like kindness; it sweetens every thing. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth and learning. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

☞ According to "Hammond's Newspaper list for 1850," there are in Great Britain and Ireland and the British Islands 547 newspapers, of which 218 are liberal, 174 conservative, and 155 neutral.

☞ It is related of a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church "away down east," that being on a visit to a neighboring town; one of the brethren asked him how the society to which he was attached was getting on. "Oh pretty well," said he; "but just at present our precise elder and circus preachers are absent, and we have to get along with locus-preacher and exhausters!"—*Knick.*

☞ NEW READING.—The clerk of a parish in Worcestershire, the other day during the divine service had to read the passage in the Psalms—"For I was a stranger to my brother, and an alien to the children of my father;" which was translated—"For I was a stranger to my brother, and *a lion* to the children of my father." "True enough," said an old lady, applying the word in season; "you put your brother in the county court, you wretch you did."

☞ Without action, thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know as I have lived. Instantly we know those whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

☞ AN ÆROLITE.—The St. Louis Republican states that on the 25th ult., an Ærolite fell near Jefferson Barracks, Mo., which weighed half a ton.

☞ Buy fair, sell fair, and love the fair. By so doing, you will stand a fair chance of having a fair life and a fair funeral. Provided you don't raise the fare when you own a steamboat.

☞ Last year the girls (farmer's daughters) of three counties in Massachusetts, turned out straw hats and bonnets valued at $1,646,590. The result is, they have rosy cheeks, and money in their purses.

☞ Epiphany is from the Greek *epi* (upon,) and *phaino* (to appear.) The festival celebrated the twelfth day after Christmas, in commemoration of our Saviour's manifestation to the world by the miraculous appearance of the blazing star.

☞ The National Intelligencer contains a well-timed and well written article, reprobating cheers and applause in the Halls of Congress, during debates. Such demonstrations are out of place in legislative bodies, and cannot be justified under any circumstances. They may lead ultimately to serious injury to the public interests. The practice should not be allowed by the presiding officers, but ought to be checked at once.

☞ Some years ago, a person requested permission of the Bishop of Salisbury, to fly from the top of the spire of the Cathedral. The good bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual, as well as temporal safety, told him he was very welcome to fly in the church, but he would encourage no man to *fly from it!*

☞ Brigham Young, the Mormon prophet at Salt Lake, has twenty-six wives, including several left by his predecessor, Joe Smith. It is said.

☞ History shows us, that all great principles, however ardently espoused for a time, have a tendency to fade into traditions, to degenerate into a hollow cant, to become words of little import, and to remain for declamation when their vital power is gone.

☞ We are credibly informed that a man recently purchased a goose, which furnished four dinners for a family of six; his better half also saved about two gallons and a half of goose grease. We do not vouch for the story, but give it as we heard it, believing nothing to be impossible in this great country.

☞ The last result of Yankee inventive genius is spelling by machinery, the art of which has been discovered in Connecticut. It will be a long *spell* before it will come into general use.

☞ A female procession with parasols held up like banners, and gay blanket shawls, sacks, and jumping jennies wrapped round their delicate forms, paraded through the streets of New York, recently, with a band of music. They were the "Daughters of Equal Rights," attending a funeral of a deceased sister.

☞ It is related of Dr. Johnson, that being at a ceremonious dinner-party, and indulging in his usual flow of wit, he unconsciously partook of a spoonful of very hot soup, which he immediately returned to the plate he had taken it from; and observing the astonishment of some of his neighbors, he very coolly remarked, "A fool would have burnt his mouth."

☞ The Sea Serpent it appears, has been seen again—by veritable and highly respectable persons, we are told—within a few days past, off Charleston, (S. C.) He lay perfectly still in the water, and the steamer William Seabrook approached within thirty-five feet of him.

☞ The Natchez (Miss.) Courier, contains a call, signed by two hundred and thirty-six citizens, for a public meeting of "the friends of the integrity of the Union who are not opposed to the admission of California with her present constitution."

☞ The Sultan of Turkey has disbanded 55,000 men of his army, on account of the pacific turn affairs have taken.

☞ Wire has recently been used, in place of lath, for walls and partitions. It is first galvanized, and the plaster remains upon it without injury.

☞ ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A gentleman, near Waltham Abbey, says an English paper, experimenting with the electric light a few days ago, having an incised wound on his left hand, touched the conductor, a copper wire, and shortly afterwards experienced an irritation, which immediately spread in inflammation to the arm. The arm became immediately swollen, and large tumors appeared all over the body and limbs.

☞ THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.—It appears by a report of the Boundary Commissioners, that both sides of the Rio Colorado, for nearly seven miles after it joins the Gila, is within the U. S. Territory, contrary to what was supposed, and that it includes the best military position in the vicinity.

☞ The whole amount of California gold received at the mint in this city up to the present time, is about $9,400,000; of which about $900,000 has been received during the past week.

☞ Edith May, the rarely gifted and beautiful young Philadelphia poetess, is sorely afflicted with an opthalmia which threatens the loss of her eyesight.

☞ The St. Louis Republican states that from present indications the emigration to California, across the Plains, will be equally as large, if not greater, than the emigration by the same route last spring. The route now being better known, the suffering will not be so severe.

☞ The citizens of Loudoun Co., Va., have decided against sending delegates to the Nashville Convention.

General News.

PROJECTED SLAVE COLONY.

The following curious advertisement appears in the "*Mississippian*:"

> *California—The Southern Slave Colony.*—Citizens of the Slave States desirous of emigrating to California with their slave property, are requested to send their names, number of slaves, and period of contemplated departure, to the address of "Southern Slave Colony," Jackson, Miss.
>
> All letters, to meet with attention, must be post-paid.
>
> It is the desire of the friends of this enterprise to settle in the richest mining and agricultural portions of California, and to secure the uninterrupted enjoyment of slave property. It is estimated that by the first of May next, the members of the Slave Colony will amount to about 5,000 and the slaves to about 10,000. The mode of effecting organization, &c., will be privately transmitted to actual members.

INDIAN JUSTICE OR VENGEANCE.—Among the overland emigrants to California last spring, was a young man by the name of Wasson, of Perkins's Grove, Bureau county, Illinois, who went with a company from Knox's Grove. He is said to have been very fool-hardy and reckless in character.—He made a threat, on leaving Independence, that he would shoot the first Indian he saw, but had not carried his threat into effect until he had nearly reached California. Then one of the company reminding him of it, he said he had forgotten it, but would carry it out yet. He shortly after saw a squaw sitting on a log, and raising his piece, he murdered her in cold blood. The Indians almost instantly, thereupon, surrounded the company, and demanded the murderer. At first, the demand was resisted; but after the Indians had informed them that they would destroy the company if their request was not granted, the youth was surrendered into their hands. They then stripped him, and in the presence of the company, skinned him from head to foot! He lived four hours after he was thus flayed!

ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA.—The following is a statement of the composition of the members who formed the Convention which lately adopted the Constitution of California:

Georgia 21; South Carolina 12; Alabama 11; New Jersey 1; Spain 1; Pennsylvania 3; Tennessee 12; North Carolina 13; Ireland 7; Maryland 2; Kentucky 3; Mississippi 3; New York 3; England 4; Sweden 3; France 2; Delaware 1; Unknown 1; Virginia 9; Florida 1; Naples 1; Louisiana 1; Mexico 1; Prussia 1—Total, 119.

It appears, therefore, that a large majority were emigrants from Slave States, there being seventy-one of that description, and only *forty-eight* from all the rest of the world. The exclusion of slavery having been by an *unanimous* vote, is pretty convincing evidence that even those from slave-holding States consider the country entirely unsuitable for the institution.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

JENNY LIND.—Much curiosity having existed in regard to the movements of Jenny Lind, we publish the following extract from a statement, apparently authorized, in the New York Herald:

> Mad'lle Lind visits our great country, in a great measure, from curiosity, and she purposes going through all the principal States, terminating her tour at Havana, and returning to Europe, via Mexico, which arrangement will preclude the possibility of revisiting our cities; and, according to the plan of the tour, which we have seen, she will employ the time allotted to the 150 concerts, in about twenty cities of the Union; which gives to New York 12; Boston 8; Philadelphia 6; Baltimore 4; Washington 2; and so on to Charleston; and as one of Mad'lle Lind's great inducements to visit America is to see the Falls of Niagara, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and other interesting features of our country, concerts will very possibly be given at Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo—North; and Cincinnati and Louisville—West; and so on to New Orleans.

THE MORMONS OF DESERET OR SALT LAKE.—The brother and successor of Joseph Smith has published the following letter:

> "I am in possession of proofs to show that bands of Salt Lake Mormons, clothed and armed as Indians, and in perfect disguise, with their bodies and faces painted like Indians, have taken positions on the high road from Oregon and California, in order to plunder the companies of emigrants. Many murders and robberies have already been committed by these devils in human shape, which are all published to the world as if committed by Indians.
>
> "The Mormon church on Salt Lake is under the government of a secret lodge. In this lodge Brigham Young has been crowned as King; and sits there upon a throne erected for him.
>
> "(Signed.) WILLIAM SMITH."

Smith has quarrelled with the Mormons, and left them. He ought to furnish proofs of his serious charges.

LARGE LUMPS OF GOLD.—Some astonishing large pieces of gold are reported to have been found at the Stockton mines, in California, within the last two weeks of January. A letter of January 31, to the New York Tribune, says:—One piece weighing *twenty-three pounds* was brought to Stockton; that another piece of incredible size and weight was also reported to have been brought to Stockton on Friday—it was said to weigh *ninety-eight pounds.* I saw a number of persons on board the Stockton boat who had seen the lump weighing twenty-three pounds. The gentleman who carries the express between Stockton and San Francisco, told me *he saw and had in his hands the piece weighing ninety-eight pounds.* If this be true, it is the largest piece of gold ever found, excepting one found in the Ural Mountains which weighed nearly one hundred pounds, troy.

AN INVENTION.—The Cincinnati Times mentions that a Mr. Sellers, of that city, formerly of Philadelphia, has completed an invention which will "simplify and revolutionize the whole science of engineering." The following is the only account of the invention yet published:

> "The machine, we believe, has no name yet; but, we learn, combines the operation of the perambulator with that of the pentagraph, giving profile lines of plats, surveys and measuring distances. By trundling it over a tract of country, a more accurate survey for a railroad can be made than by any other method; and at least fifteen miles per day can be mapped with correctness—altitudes, depressions and space. It can also be used on our streets, thus dispensing with the service of an engineer.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S JOHN.—John Randolph, says the Boston Post, body servant to the late Honorable John Randolph, has collected many documents and facts illustrative of the private life of his eccentric master, and proposes to publish them in a volume. Mr. Clay has examined John's plan and materials, and has given the undertaking the sanction of his name. Governor Briggs, too, of this State, among many other eminent citizens, has subscribed for John's book, which, we are confident, will be very amusing and interesting. John is supposed to be a son of Richard Randolph, brother of the Roanoke orator, and has as perfect a Randolph hand as nature could form.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A mammoth vein of white ash coal, of superior quality, has been struck on the property of Dr. McCarty, a short distance North of Port Carbon, Schuylkill county in this State. It is from twenty to fifty feet in thickness, and as it was struck on the "saddle," as it is called, or where an upheave has thrown the vein near to the surface, they drove across it through nearly solid coal, a distance of ninety-three feet. This is regarded as the beginning of new discoveries of coal beds in that vicinity, for which several costly explorations are now in progress.

MARYLAND.—Previous to the adjournment of the Legislature of this State, a resolution was passed, providing for the purchase of a block of marble for the National Washington Monument. It is to bear the coat of arms of the State, and the following inscription:

"Maryland—The memorial of her regard for the Father of his Country; and of her 'cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment' to the American Union."

AN EXPRESS MAIL.—The New Orleans papers say that there is a prospect of a Government Express Mail to carry letters and newspaper slips, from the terminus of the Georgia Railroad at Griffin to the terminus of the Montgomery Railroad in Alabama, and also between Montgomery and Mobile, by all of which the present time between New Orleans and New York will be shortened 48 hours.

☞ Severe storms have lately visited Constantinople. The violence of the wind was such that trees were torn up by the roots, houses blown down, and the fish driven to the shores of the Bosphorus, in such quantities that they were taken by the hand.

☞ According to a Spanish journal, an invention has been accomplished to enable vessels, by pressure on the water, to navigate against any winds at the rate of four miles an hour. The Minister of Marine has supplied funds to test the invention.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 149—adults 65, and children 84.

☞ "The loss sustained by the United States," says the Boston Post, "on the disbursements made by paymasters in the war of 1812 was 2.09¼ per cent. According to the report of the pay-master-general, a similar loss on the amount disbursed during the Mexican war would amount to $712,753 29; instead of which there remain but $8,606 59 to be accounted for. This certainly shows that the world is growing more honest."

☞ Mr. Squier, our charge in Central America, it is said, has not yet hoisted the American flag on the Island of Tigre, as he is waiting instructions.

☞ The newest fashionable movement in Gotham is the *Matinee* dansante or morning dance, which has hit the fancy of the gayer portion of the aristocracy, who are making vigorous efforts to establish it as a permanent institution of New York light society.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, March 16, 1850.

REMARKS—The market generally has been quiet during the past week. The Cotton market has been dull, in consequence of the unfavorable advices from Europe, and prices have slightly declined. In Breadstuffs, Groceries and Provisions the transactions have been quite moderate, without any material change in price. The Money market continues easy, capital is abundant, and the Banks liberal in their accommodations. There has been a speculative movement in Stocks during the past ten days, and prices of most descriptions have rapidly advanced. Exchange on England continues at 108¼a109.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Early in the week the Flour market was dull and inactive, but during the past three days there has been more inquiry; sales of 6,000 bbls common and mixed brands at $4,75 per bbl, including some of a better brand at $4 81¼a4,87½; for city consumption the sales have been to a fair extent within the range of $4,75a5,25 for common brands and extra Pennsylvania, and $5 75a6,25 for N. York extra. Rye Flour has been in fair demand at $2 87½. Corn Meal has been in limited request; sales of 1,000 bbls at $2,62½ per bbl.

GRAIN—There has been more inquiry for Wheat, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 9,000 bushels good and prime red at $1 04a1,05, and white at $1,10a1,12 per bushel. Rye is scarce, a sale of Pennsylvania at 64c. Corn has been in fair demand, and 30a35 000 bushels yellow sold at 53c afloat. Oats are more inquired after; sales of 3,000 bushels interior and prime Southern at 31a33, and 2,800 do prime Pennsylvania at 31c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork continues dull. Sales of 4a500 bbls Mess Pork at $10 75 and Prime at $9. Mess Beef is steady at $12,50a13,50 per bbl. Bacon is in moderate demand; sales of 300 hhds Hams at 11c for pickled and fancy canvassed; Sides 4¼a5, and Shoulders at 4 cts. Lard is quiet; sales in bbls and kegs at 6¾a7c per lb. Butter and Cheese are in limited request at previous quotations.

AMERICAN FABRICS—Prices of all descriptions of Cotton Goods are well sustained, and there is a good business doing for the supply of the Southern and Western trade.

BARK—There is good demand for Quercitron, and 300 hhds No. 1 have been taken, part to arrive, at $30 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is scarce; sales of good Yellow at 24 cts per lb—some holders, however, ask more.

CANDLES—Are in limited request; sales of Sperm at 42a44, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—There is no new feature to notice in the market; the demand for shipment continues limited, but prices are steadily maintained.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and buyers purchase sparingly. Two cargoes of Laguayra have arrived. Sales of 4a500 bags Maracaibo and Rio at 12¾a13¼c per lb.

COPPER—Sheathing Copper is held at 21, and Yellow Metal at 18½c per lb.

COTTON—Since the receipt of the Canada's advices on Saturday last, noting a further decline of ¼ in Liverpool, the Cotton market has been inactive, and prices have slightly receded; sales of 3a400 bales Upland and New Orleans at 12½a17¼c per lb on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been more activity in the market, but the transactions are mostly in small lots without any material change in prices; sales of 40 cases Rhubarb at 50c; Cream Tartar 18a18, Sal Soda [illegible], Soda Ash 3a3¼, and Super Carbonate of Soda at 5c.

FEATHERS—Are in steady demand; sales of fair and prime Western at 32a34c per lb.

FISH—An import of Massachusetts Mackerel sold from the wharf at $12,50 a 8,50 per bbl for Nos. 1 and 2; store sales of No. 1 at $13, No. 2 at $8, and No. 3 at $6,50a6,75. Codfish are worth 2¼a3c per lb.

FRUIT—An import of nearly 2,800 boxes Sicily Oranges and Lemons have been taken on private terms, and part resold at $1,50a2,75; sales of 1,000 boxes Bunch Raisins at $2 87½ per box. Dried Peaches command $1,50a1,62½ and Apples $1 per bushel.

GINSENG—Several lots of Crude sold at 31a32 cts per lb cash.

GUANO—Is more inquired after; sales of Patagonian in lots at $37a38, and Peruvian at $47 per ton.

HEMP—The market has been quiet, and prices are steady.

HIDES—Two imports of Laguayra Hides have arrived, both of which have been disposed of on private terms.

HOPS—Are dull; small sales of new crop Eastern at 14c per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, and the stock is small; a small sale of Madras at 87½c per lb on time.

IRON—The market continues inactive; sales of 8 a 900 tons Nos. 1 and 2 Anthracite at $21a19 per ton. In Bloom, Bar and Boiler Iron there is no change.

LEAD—Galena is held firmly at $5,25 per 100 lbs cash, but no transactions have been reported.

LEATHER—Continues in fair demand, and, with a reduced stock, prices are well maintained.

LUMBER—Prices are unchanged. Supplies are beginning to come in more freely, and there is an increase of demand.

MOLASSES—There has been an increased demand, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 3a400 hhds Cuba at near 20, including some Trinidad at 21, and New Orleans at 27c 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—The market has been quiet this week. Small sales of Spirits Turpentine at 35a36c cash and on time. Sales of 700 barrels common Rosin at $1 10 per bbl.

OIL—There is more inquiry for Fish Oils. Sales of Crude Whale from the wharf at 41a44 cash or casks and bbls. Linseed Oil has advanced to 80a80c. Sales of Winter Lard Oil at 58a60c.

PLASTER—Is in better demand, and there is more arriving. Two imports sold at $2,56¼ per ton.

RICE—Is in limited request; sales in small lots at 3¼a3½c per lb.

SALT—An import of 1,400 sacks Liverpool ground sold at 90c per sack on time, and 1,400 sacks fine at near $1.40.

SEEDS—There has been rather more inquiry for Cloverseed. Sales of 800 bushels, old at $3,75, and fair and prime new at $4a4,25 per 64 lbs. A small sale of Timothy at $2,87½. Flaxseed is wanted at $1,35.

SPICES—Limited sales of Nutmegs, Pimento and Cloves at former rates.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin no change. N. E. Rum is held firmly at 29a30c. Whiskey—Sales of 5a600 bbls at 24c; hhds sell slowly at 23c.

SUGAR—There has been a better feeling in the market and prices are firm; sales of 630 hhds New Orleans at 4¼a5¼, and Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¼a5½c per lb, and a small lot of White Brazil at 6½c on time.

SUMAC—Has advanced; a sale of Sicily at $80 per ton.

TALLOW—Prices range from 6¼ to 7¼ cts per lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—There is an increased demand for all descriptions, and prices are fully maintained.

TOBACCO—There is a fair demand for Leaf Tobacco for the supply of the city dealers, and prices have an upward tendency. The stock on hand is very small.

WINES—Market quiet, and no large sales have transpired.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet this week, as the large sale in New York by auction has attracted the attention of the dealers. Sales of 60 000 lbs in lots within the range of our previous quotations.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are steady. We quote Flour 2s a 2s 3d per bbl; Corn 6½a7d per bushel; Bark and other heavy articles 25a30s per ton. Colliers are in limited demand at $1,50a1,62½ per ton to Boston, $1,25a1,35 to Rhode Island, and 90 cts to New York *Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked		Bid.	Asked
U S 6s '56	107	108	Southwark	70	80
" '62	110	110½	Kensington	60	61
" '67	114½	114¾	P Township	78	80
" '68	114½	114¾	Girard	13½	14¼
" 5s '53	101	102	Western	63	64
" 5s '51	99	100	Man & Mechs	26¼	27
U S Tr N 6s	113	—	Bk of Com	51	52
" 1 mill	108¼	109	Camden N J	52	—
Phila 6s	101½	102	Germantown	56	—
" 5s	85½	86	Trenton Brg Co	35	—
" Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	54¼	—
County 5s	85½	86	M & M Pitts	51	—
Penna 6s	99½	100	Exchange, Pitts	47	48
" 5s	90½	91	Com, Cincin	25	—
Kentucky 6s	101	101	Louisville, Ky	99	100
Tennessee 5s	81	81½	Kentucky Bk	102	101
Illinois 6s	47	—	Northern	105	106
Cincinnati 6s	98	99	Union, Tenn	50	51
Texas T Notes	31	31½	Planters, Tenn	51	52
" bds 8s	34	35	Vicksburg	18	18½
Schuyl N 6s	56	56½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" lot	65	—	N O Gas Bk	110	110½
Lehigh N 6s	77½	77¾	Schuyl Nav	19	20¼
" lot loan	70	71	Lehigh Nav	50	51
" Mort 6s	66	67	C & Del Cl	58	60
C & Del Cl 6s	91	91½	Morris Cl	17½	17¾
C & Am R bds	96½	97	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	35
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	13½	13¾
Susquh Cl 6s	60	61	Cam & Am R	123	125
Norrist'n R 6s	88	—	Penna R	40	—
Harrisburg R 6s	93	—	Bea Mdw R	21	21½
Wil R 6s	99½	99½	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read R 6s	70	70½	North Am Cl	—	12
" Mort 6s	73½	74	Susquh Cl	14	14½
U S Bk Notes	87	88	Norristown R	31	33
U S Bk Shares	2½	3	Harrisburg R	47	47½
N Amer Bk	128	129	Wilmington R	26	—
Penna Bk	109	110	Reading R	20½	20¾
Philadelphia	134	135	Morchill R	65	—
Far & Mec	67	67½	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Commercial	58¼	—	Penn Copper	1	—
N Liberty	50	—	N J Copper	—	—
Mechanics'	26¾	27			

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADA., March 18.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. About 600 head were driven to New York. Beeves are selling from $5,50 to 7,50 per 100 pounds. Hogs—There were 600 head in the market, and sold from $5,00 to 5,75 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 160 sold from $15 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Offered, 1,500 Beeves, (1,000 Southern, remainder this State) 75 Cows and Calves, and 2,500 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Owing to the storm, the yard has been but poorly attended to-day, and the market closes extremely dull. Sales at from $5,50 to 7,50. These figures are the outside of the market. 400 left over. Cows and Calves sold at from $20 to $42,50. Unsold 20. Sheep and Lambs—Sales at from $2,25a3,75 to 5,50. Left over 200.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA MEMORIAL.

It will be seen by our Congressional report, that a Memorial from the California delegation—both Senators and Representatives—has been presented to Congress. Thinking it would be interesting to our readers, we lay the following summary of the Memorial before them:

The memorialists lay before Congress certified copies of the Constitution of California, together with their credentials, and they request, in the name of the people of their State, her admission into the Union. They express "deep astonishment and sincere regret at having learned, since their arrival in Washington, of the existence of an organized, respectable, and talented opposition to the admission of the new State." They add:

"This opposition is so unexpected, so important in numbers and ability, and so decided in its sectional character, that they feel they should do injustice to their constituents, to the cause of good government, and to the progressive advance of freedom and civilization, did they not at least attempt to answer the many arguments urged against the admission of California."

Then follows, at length, a history of the territory and of the organization of a State. As regards slavery, the memorial says:

Much misapprehension appears to have obtained in the Atlantic States relative to the question of slavery in California. The undersigned have no hesitancy in saying that the provision in the Constitution excluding that institution meets with the almost unanimous approval of that people. This unanimity is believed to result not so much from the prejudices against the system which are quite general in the Northern portion of the United States, as from a universal conviction that in no portion of California is the climate and soil of a character adapted to slave labor. Since the discovery of the mines, the feeling in opposition to the introduction of slavery is believed to have become, if possible, more unanimous than heretofore. The relation of master and slave has never existed in the country, and is there generally believed to be prohibited by Mexican law; consequently the original California population is utterly opposed to it. Slavery is a question little discussed in California, so settled appears the public mind relative thereto. Public meetings have scarcely ever considered it. The opinion put forward that the decision of this question had been forestalled, has no foundation in truth. And no more conclusive proof of this can be found than the simple facts that fifteen of the forty-eight members composing the Convention which unanimously inserted the prohibitory clause in the Constitution, were from slaveholding States, while twelve were Californians proper, and twenty-one Northern men.—Further than this, there is no doubt that two-fifths of those who voted in favor of the Constitution were recent emigrants from slave-holding States, while it is known that many of the votes given against the instrument were so given in consequence of the failure of the messengers to distribute the printed copies in several mining localities. No debate upon the subject was had in the Convention, though some "conversation" ensued upon a proposition to submit the provision to the people for a separate vote. This was suggested by Northern men and did not prevail.

The memorialists lay down the following important points:

1. That a Territorial Government, under the [illegible] power of Congress, would, so far from promoting the interests of California, so circumscribe its energies, prevent the development of its capacities, and impede its general advancement, as to be a source of discontent, difficulty and ultimate ruin, either to the government or governed.

2. That the wonderful increase of the country in population, in wealth, and consequently in commercial, social and political importance, renders imperatively necessary the adoption of such a system of measures as can only be enacted by a State Legislature and enforced by a State Government.

3. That the neglect and oppression of the United States Congress forced California to form a State Government, if she desired to avoid civil strife and anarchy.

And 4. That the people of that country did not adopt such form of government in obedience to dictation from the Executive here, through Gen. Riley there; but, on the contrary, actually took the initiative in the movement, and only concurred in the suggestion of the *de facto* Governor as a matter of course, to save time, and with a patriotic resolution to merge all minor differences of opinion in one unanimous effort to avert impending ills and remedy existing evils.

As regards the boundaries of the State, the memorial says that they were adopted by way of compromise, the debates on the subject in the Constitutional Convention having been of a very angry description. The memorial urges that, although the area of the State, 155,550 square miles, seems very large, yet one-half of it is covered by mountains, and half the residue is a desert waste, so that only one-fourth is useful for agricultural purposes, that is, 38,887½ square miles, or 24,888,000 square acres of arable and productive land. This estimate is fully borne out by the topographical surveys of the country; but, anxious as the memorialists are to avoid misstatement, they do not hesitate to assert their belief that three-fifths of the whole territory embraced in the State of California, will never be susceptible of cultivation, or useful to man. This would give, as the remaining two-fifths, 62,220 square miles, which would constitute the sum total of valuable arable and grazing land embraced within the boundary, and distributed at intervals over the whole surface of the country.

They estimate the population of California, on the 1st of January last, to have amounted to 107,069; of which number, 76,069 were Americans, 13,000 Californians, and 18,000 foreigners.

The following paragraphs are worthy of note:

"It was not from any desire to establish a State Government in opposition to or regardless of the wishes and rights of the people of the United States, that the people of California pursued this course. No improper motives, no ambitious impulses, no Executive influence prompted their action. They believed that their brethren on the Atlantic appreciated their sufferings, admitted their patriotism, and would hail their action with joy. They thought that the Congress of the United States would instantly open its doors to their delegated representatives, and that the State would be immediately and gladly admitted. To this impression, the tone of the public press, the despatches of executive officers, and the speeches of distinguished statesmen in Congress had contributed in a very great degree; and, as nothing of a contrary character had ever reached the Pacific shores, it is not surprising that the sentiment became a general one."

* * * * * * *

"This people request admission into the American Union as a State. They understand and estimate the advantages which will accrue to them from such a connection, while they trust they do not too highly compute those which will be conferred upon their brethren. They do not present themselves as suppliants, nor do they bear themselves with arrogance or presumption. They come as free American citizens—citizens by treaty, by adoption, and by birth—and ask that they may be permitted to reap the common benefits, share the common ills, and promote the common welfare, as one of the United States of America!"

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

The Fayetteville North Carolinian, of the 9th, contains the following extraordinary account, which seems too wonderful to be true:

We received on Wednesday last the following communication from Mr. Clarkson, through Mr. Holland, of Clinton, and take great pleasure in laying the astonishing particulars before our readers:

"On the 15th of February, 1850, there fell, within 100 yards of the residence of Thomas M. Clarkson, in Sampson Co., a shower of flesh and blood, about 30 feet wide, and as far as it was traced, about 250 or 300 yards in length. The pieces appeared to be flesh, liver, lights, brains and blood. Some of the blood ran on the leaves, apparently very fresh. Three of his (T. M. C.'s) children were in it, and ran to their mother, exclaiming, 'Mother, there is meat falling!' Their mother went immediately to see, but the shower was over, but there lay the flesh, &c. Neill Campbell, Esq., living close by, was on the spot shortly after it fell, and pronounced it as above. One of his children was about 150 yards from the shower, and came running to the rest, saying he smelt something like blood. During the time it was falling, there was a cloud over head, having a red appearance, like a wind cloud. There was no rain.

"The above you may rely upon, and by Mr. Holland you have pieces of the flesh, which are reduced by being kept so long.

"Yours, &c., T. M. C."

The piece which was left with us has been examined with two of the best microscopes in the place, and the existence of blood well established; but nothing was shown giving any indication of the character of the matter. It has the smell, both in its dry state and when macerated in water, of putrid flesh; and there can scarcely be a doubt that it is such.

It is astonishing, and we may say provoking, also, that an occurrence of the kind should happen within 13 miles of a village (13 miles South-West of Clinton) of intelligent persons, and no one felt interest enough in it to go and get information about it. It is three weeks after it occurred before any account of it is sent to the press. An occurrence that is calculated to strike men with awe; and we are told that some persons listened to the relation of it, and looked upon it as an idle tale, deeming it impossible that such a thing could have occurred!

The cloud from which it fell is said to have been of a red appearance, which is ascribed to the clouds in former cases of this kind. Although by no means frequent, this is not the first time that such an occurrence has taken place, even in this country. But, as yet, the most learned are unable to give any rational conjecture as to the cause of such a singular phenomenon.

☞ The California papers mention the discovery of a new and fine entrance to the mouth of the Columbia River. It is called the Southern Pass, and has heretofore been represented to be impracticable. A French ship passed recently through it, and found six fathoms as the least water.

☞ Thirty thousand landlords own England, 8,000 own Scotland, 5,000 own all Ireland, leaving 25,000,000 inhabitants of those countries without a foot of God's creation.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 12th, Mr. Webster rose to make an explanation relative to a *lapsus linguæ*, by which he stated that Mr. Jefferson negotiated the treaty of 1794. He should have said Mr. Jay. He also submitted a further remark, in reply to the question put to him by Mr. Hale, as to whether Congress had any right to enter into a compact with a foreign power, as in the case of the Republic of Texas; and whether such a compact, so entered into, was not an usurpation of the treaty-making power.

He wished to say, to prevent misapprehension, that he did not originally think it a proper course for territory to be acquired otherwise than by the treaty-making power; but after the acquisition of Louisiana, he considered the question as settled.—Other precedents, in the same line, had since occurred.

Mr. Foote moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of his resolution, referring Mr. Bell's resolutions of compromise to a select committee of thirteen.

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Berrien, Bradbury, Cass, Clay, Clemens, Davis, of Miss., Dawson, Dickinson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Foote, Hunter, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Sturgeon—24.

Nays—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Butler, Calhoun, Chase, Clarke, Corwin, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dodge of Wisconsin, Felch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Phelps, Seward, Shields, Smith, Underwood, Walker, Yulee—22.

Mr. Foote then submitted his motion for a committee.

The Vice President said his opinion was that the motion was out of order in part, as it prescribed the manner of electing the committee, and exceeded the privilege of election.

Mr. Foote proposed to modify his resolution so as simply to provide for the committee without designating the mode of selection.

Mr. Berrien contended that the point of objection raised by the Chair was not one of order, but of the merits of the proposition.

Mr. Clay hoped that Mr. Foote would persist in his modification, because, in the first place, he did not wish the committee to receive a sectional feature, because of the action of the Senate in organizing it. He referred to the magnitude of the question under consideration, and expressed his willingness to vote for any provision that looked towards its settlement.

He confessed that he was far less sanguine than Mr. Foote, that any committee would be able to report a practicable plan of settlement. Still, he would make the experiment. He would be willing to make experiment after experiment, day after day, and night after night, until the subject was exhausted, in the hope that the object so much wanted might be secured.

Mr. Butler was opposed to any action which would cut off debate upon the general question.—He also expressed his fears, predicated upon the fact that all the suggestions of compromise had thus far come from the South, and none from the North, except the faint suggestion made by Mr. Webster.

Mr. Foote said the object was not to cut off debate.

Mr. Cass rose to address the Senate when the further consideration of the subject was postponed until half-past twelve next day.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's Compromise Resolutions.

Mr. Turney having the floor, addressed the Senate at length upon the general question, taking the extreme Southern ground. He spoke against the admission of California, and in support of the Southern Convention and Southern resistance to aggression.

The further consideration of the subject was postponed until Thursday, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 13th, Mr. Douglass presented the credentials of Col. Fremont and Dr. Gwyn, elected United States Senators from California, and a memorial asking the immediate admission of that State into the Union, in accordance with the instructions of the Legislature of California.

After some conversation, the papers were laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

Several petitions were presented remonstrating against the extension of slavery to the Territories, and against the admission of new slave States.

Mr. Yulee moved that the motion to receive be laid upon the table.

Mr. Seward demanded the yeas and nays, which being taken, resulted as follows:—yeas 15; nays 22.

The petition presented by Mr. Seward was referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Seward then presented several petitions in favor of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. Motion to receive laid on the table. Yeas and nays refused.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of Mr. Foote's proposition for a Select Committee of thirteen.

Mr. Baldwin moved to amend by inserting a provision that the sixth clause of Mr. Bell's resolution, proposed to be referred, being the one in favor of admitting California immediately, be referred to the Committee on Territories, with instructions to report a bill in conformity with said resolution.

Mr. Benton said he had originally designed to move the same amendment in the same form, but upon consideration, for the purpose of making all secure, he thought it would be better to modify the amendment, so as to provide that nothing in Mr. Foote's proposition shall be construed to authorize the Select Committee to take into consideration the question of the admission of California.

Mr. Baldwin accepted the modification.

Mr. Webster said he was persuaded that no practical result would be obtained by the presentation or advocacy of any series of resolutions.—Under all the circumstances, he was well satisfied that the only proper course to be pursued, was to keep the question of the admission of California distinct and separate. He was prepared to vote for her admission just as she comes, and was prepared to show that if the Senate had the question originally before them, they could have made no better boundaries for her than she had already.

Mr. Cass said he agreed precisely with the position taken, the day before, by Mr. Clay with reference to the Select Committee. He looked upon it as one more chance for the settlement of this most momentous question, although he confessed his hopes of such a result were very slight. Mr. Bell's resolutions were conceived in a spirit of justice, conciliation and concession, though they threw out a hope, and that is all.

In alluding to the position taken by Mr. Seward, in relation to admitting new slave States, to be erected out of the territory of Texas, he said that, as long as he had a vote to give, it would be given in favor of carrying into effect, in good faith, the compact with Texas.

He complimented Mr. Foote for his efforts to procure a settlement of the agitating question.—That Senator had placed the country under obligations to him for his course. While he had stood up boldly for the rights of his own section, he had regarded the rights of the whole Union, and had given an exhibition of moral courage almost unequalled, when he disavowed the position taken by Mr. Calhoun in his speech the other day. Mr. Calhoun had avowed sentiments which, coming from him, with his influence, were calculated to influence the public mind. The Senator from Mississippi, however, appeared as the messenger of peace, to "pour oil upon the troubled waters." The speech of the Senator from South Carolina seemed to contain strange facts and conclusions. It presented a melancholy sick chamber aspect in the case, which would never have been seen if Mr. Calhoun had not pointed it out.

Three months had now been spent in discussion, to the exclusion of all other business, and what was the result? It had been well ascertained that no Wilmot Proviso could pass the Senate. They had ascertained that no Wilmot Proviso could pass. Was there a single Senator in that Chamber who would vote for that Compromise? Would the Senator from South Carolina (Calhoun) vote for it?

Mr. Calhoun made no reply.

Mr. Foote (interposing) said that for himself he would vote for neither a Northern or a Southern Wilmot Proviso; he wanted the Constitution simply as it is.

Mr. Cass resumed, and said all agreed that no law prohibiting, establishing or permitting slavery South of 36 30, could pass the body. What then could be done? He thought the Fugitive Slave Bill ought to be taken up and adjusted, so as to be satisfactory to the majority and passed. The non delivery of fugitive slaves was the only practical grievance which the South had shown any cause of complaint against the North. The passage of that bill would do much towards securing a better feeling on the part of the South, and thus lead to a better understanding in relation to the other questions; but Mr. Seward had said that it was immoral. He would say to him, that if such was his opinion, he ought never to have come to the Senate. No man ought to come here and take the solemn oath to maintain the Constitution who refused to support this one of its provisions.

After reading a passage in Mr. Seward's speech, he asked him whether he believed "there was a man in the Senate, whose course was governed simply by his fidelity to slavery?"

Mr. Seward, in reply, remarked that he believed it was Mr. Jefferson who said that slavery in the South had its natural ally in the Democracy of the North. He (Seward) believed it. He did not assail the motives of Senators, and was not to be drawn into personal altercations by any interrogations when assailed himself. His life and acts must speak for him. He would never be his own defender or advocate.

Mr. Foote denied that Mr. Jefferson had ever uttered such a sentiment as had been ascribed to him.

Mr. Dawson asked Mr. Seward if the anti-slavery sentiments which he advocated were the sentiments of the Whig party at the North?

Mr. Seward replied that he spoke for himself only. His duty was to promote the welfare and the true glory of the country by such means and measures as seemed in his judgment and conscience best adapted to secure that end. He did not, however, expect to be able to accomplish any thing alone, and therefore had allied himself to that party which, in his opinion, approximated nearest to his views in relation to the best manner of securing the end named—believing the great Whig party to be that party. He was a Whig now and always should be.

Mr. Cass, after a word in reply, to the effect that his plan of progress was within the Constitution, instead of outside of it, gave way for the purpose of permitting a motion to proceed to the order of the day.

Mr. Calhoun, however, obtained the floor, and replied to Mr. Cass. That Senator and himself, said Mr. Calhoun, had two distinct modes of saving the Union. Mr. Cass's course had been one of palliatives altogether. He (Mr. Calhoun) believed that to remove the disease, it was necessary to remedy the cause. The only mode of doing which, he believed, was by the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution, such as he had indicated. He disagreed with the Senator from Michigan altogether, and held himself prepared, if the Union ever should be dissolved, to show that Mr. Cass had had his full share in producing that result. He was next proceeding to reply to what he understood Mr. Cass to have said that morning in relation to the Constitutional amendment, when Mr. Cass interposed, and remarked that he had not said a word upon that subject. He had nothing to say against the proposition, but the manner in which it was presented.

Mr. Foote rose to vindicate himself. He said that the Senator (Calhoun) did, in his speech, take a position which was believed to be a most dangerous one, and his explanation was as little satisfactory as his original remarks. He had, in fact, admitted that he made a new issue on the part of the South, without consultation with other Southern Senators, who were as deeply interested in this question as he himself. It was an issue unknown by the people of the South, and upon which they had therefore never expressed their views. He felt that the Senator had acted indiscreetly, unwisely, and hazardously in thus making this issue, thus demanding an amendment to the Constitution, when the South had always stood upon the Constitution as it is, in letter and spirit. He had acted unjustly toward his brother Senators from the South.

The Senator from South Carolina had said that if the amendment was not acceded to, it would result in disunion, thus making it an ultimatum. The Senator had also made the admission of California a test question.

Mr. Calhoun said he had not made such a test. His language had been wrongly interpreted. He also expressed his surprise in relation to the manner in which Mr. Foote had interpreted his remarks and commented upon them.

Mr. Foote continued: For one, he (Foote) felt as if the noose had been placed around his neck while asleep, and he could not do otherwise than to disavow the issue for himself and the great mass of the people of the South who differed from the Senator. The Senator would not now vote for the raising of a Committee to whom these questions were to be referred, nor did he come forward with any proposition, although the question had been under consideration now three months.

Mr. Calhoun questioned Mr. Foote's right to say that he was opposed to the reference of the subject under discussion to a Select Committee.

Mr. Foote (interposing)—Did not the Senator tell me himself that he was opposed to the Committee or to any Compromise to be presented by them?

Mr. Calhoun said he was opposed to the raising of the Committee now, but expressed no opinion against its final selection. He had been and was opposed to any Compromise.

After some further conversation, Mr. Dayton addressed the Senate in opposition to the appointment of the Committee in question before the debate upon the question to be referred to the Committee was concluded. There were several gentlemen who designed to be heard upon the different questions proposed to be referred. For one, he desired to be heard upon the fugitive slave bill, and meant to be heard, too, before the question should be referred to the Committee as arbiter. His sense of self-respect would not permit him to speak upon the subject after it had been given to the arbiter. The proposition was a mode of enforcing the previous question.

The further consideration of the subject was then postponed until next day.

The Senate then took up the President's California Message.

Mr. Douglass having the floor, addressed the Senate. In commencing his remarks, he replied to the position assumed by Mr. Webster in attributing to the Northern Democrats the annexation of Texas for the purpose of extending slavery.—That Senator was not entitled to speak for the Democracy of the North, and his own observations had shown his incompetence so to speak. The Democracy supported the annexation on a great national principle. Mr. Calhoun had made the issue of annexation for the extension and consequent security of slavery, but the Texas treaty was rejected for the purpose of repudiating that issue, and then Texas was admitted on distinct and national grounds. In commenting upon the causes which had produced the present difficulties upon the slavery question, he said they resulted from the double dealing of the Whig party, who represented Gen. Taylor at the North as in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and at the South as the friend of non-intervention. The Senator from New York, (Seward,) among others, had pledged Gen. Taylor not to veto the Proviso.

Mr. Seward denied that he had pledged Gen. Taylor to anything. He had told the people in his State that he believed Gen. Taylor would not veto the Wilmot Proviso, if embodied into a bill by Congress.

Mr. Douglass said it amounted to the same thing, and asked Mr. Seward if Gen. Taylor could have received the vote of New York, if the people there had not agreed with him in relation to the probable action of Gen. Taylor, if elected.

Mr. Seward replied that he could not.

Mr. Douglass, in resuming, said the result was that the people were cheated. The Legislature of New York was carried by the Whigs in consequence of the cheat, and Mr. Seward had been elected to the Senate of the United States by that Legislature as a fruit of the cheat. He proceeded with some remarks upon the Proviso, and said that the truth was, the names of things had been changed, while they themselves remained the same, for the purpose of relieving the Whig party from the odium of the Proviso which rightfully attached to them. Mr. D. proceeded to address the Senate generally upon the question of slavery and legislation for the territories, defending his past and present position—then replying especially to Mr. Calhoun's speech, and defending the North against the repeated charges of aggression upon the rights of the South. Without concluding his remarks, he gave way to a motion to adjourn, which was agreed to.

On the 14th, Mr. Seward presented several petitions of citizens of New York, asking the right of trial by jury to alleged fugitives from justice, &c.

Mr. Pratt objected to the petitions being received. They related to a subject on which, above all others, the public mind was most excited.—Every one knew that the granting of the right of trial by jury was equivalent to denying the master the possession of his slave, if once beyond the limits of the slave States. He asked the yeas and nays on their reception.

Mr. Hale expressed his astonishment at the remarks of Mr. Pratt. If he had been rightly informed, there was not a slave State in the Union, in which an individual claimed as a slave and disputing such claim, had not a right of legal trial, and he believed, a trial by jury, to ascertain whether he was a slave or not. If then this right was accorded to slaves in slave States, why should it be denied to freemen in free States?

Under the bill now pending in the Senate, any person desiring a victim might purchase an affidavit, go into any family in the free States, and upon this *ex parte* assumption, take away a free citizen without law or ceremony, to a fate compared to which the grave itself would be preferable.

After the discussion of a point of order, Mr. Hale resumed his remarks, and charged the discussion which had taken place, upon the South; a Southern Senator having invited it by opposing the reception of a petition upon a subject which was clearly before the Senate.

Mr. Badger thought that if ever a petition presented to the Senate was germain to a question before the body, this was that one. He did not agree with the prayer of the petitioners, and was prepared at the proper time to show that it was absurd and mischievous.

After some further debate, Mr. Pratt moved to lay the question of reception on the table, which was rejected, yeas 14, nays 27.

The question recurring on receiving the petitions, Mr. Underwood replied to Mr. Hale, asking him where he proposed that the claimed fugitive shall be tried, whether in the State from which he fled, or that in which he was arrested? He wished the North to consider this question. The petitions was then received.

On motion of Mr. Foote, the Senate resumed the consideration of the President's California Message.

Mr. Douglass resumed and concluded his remarks, advocating, in conclusion, the immediate and unconditional admission of California, disconnected from all other questions.

The Senate next resumed the consideration of Mr. Foote's motion for a Select Committee.

Mr. Cass rose and concluded the remarks commenced by him yesterday, in reply to Mr. Calhoun. The Senator had objected to the admission of California, and made it a test question. What was to be gained by the South or any section by remanding California back again? He would say to the South that this was a very unwise issue. He contended that the boundaries of the new State at least were worthy consideration; however, he would show that they were not objectionable. The Senator, however, had not put his objection upon the ground of the boundaries, but on the ground that California had no right to come here, having in the act exercised usurpation. One hundred thousand Americans upon the shore of the Pacific were left as far as any action of Congress might have prevented it, to a state of anarchy. Would Congress then take advantage of its own wrong, and having imposed the necessity of self-protection upon the people, refuse to receive them, upon the ground that they had no right to protect themselves. California, had been oppressed by us, and yet they had come here, not to repel the sovereignty of the United States, but to hold on to it. Mr. Cass proceeded, point by point, to reply to Mr. Calhoun's leading points—in effect reiterating the general views which he had previously expressed in the Senate, in relation to the slavery agitation. While commenting especially upon Mr. Calhoun's remarks, in relation to the necessity of an amendment of the Constitution, as a measure necessary to the preservation of the Union, Mr. Downs interrupted him, saying that he knew of no Southern man, except Mr. Foote, who construed Mr. Calhoun's remarks as Mr. Cass did.

Mr. Foote said he knew of many Southern members in each House who understood it precisely as he did.

Mr. Downs said he knew of none such.

An altercation ensued, in which each of the Senators betrayed much excitement.

Mr. Foote said that before he made his explanation the other day in reply to Mr. Calhoun, he had consulted with several of the most prominent Southern Senators, who were bold enough to allow him to give their names, if desired, and that they all agreed with him in the position he proposed to take. This was the fact, and he would not have his word disputed by anybody.

Mr. Downs said he did not dispute Mr. Foote's word, but he repeated that among those whom he had consulted, he found not one who seemed to have understood Mr. Calhoun as Mr. Foote did.

Mr. Rusk protested against Mr. Downs speaking for all the Southern Senators.

Mr. Cass, resuming his remarks, commented with severity upon Mr. Calhoun's proposition to establish an equilibrium between the North and South, ridiculing it as impracticable and nonsensical. At the close of his remarks, he asked Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, if he would vote for the Missouri Compromise line, if proposed.

Mr. Davis said he would.

Mr. Cass put the question in another form—Would the Senator take the Missouri Compromise in its terms?

Mr. Davis replied in the negative. He would take the Missouri line and extend it to the Pacific, with terms making it applicable to the present case—the Compromise in its true spirit. In turn, he asked Mr. Cass if he would vote for the Missouri Compromise in its spirit.

Mr. Cass said if the preservation of the Union depended on it, he did not know what he might not do, but he never would willingly support the doctrine of non-intervention South of a given line, and for the prohibition North of it. Both were wrong.

Mr. Davis was understood to say that he would be willing to run the line of 36 deg. 30 min. to the Pacific—the country North of it to be free territory, and that South of it to come in, in due time, as States, when the people should be prepared for it, with their own settlement of the question relating to domestic institutions.

After some further consideration, Mr. Foote submitted some remarks, for the purpose of showing that he is fully supported in his course in the Senate by the Convention of Mississippi, in whose proceedings the Nashville Convention originated. In conclusion, he expressed his readiness, in deference to the wishes of several of the friends of the measure, to postpone the final action upon his proposition for a Select Committee until gentlemen who desired to address the Senate upon the questions connected therewith should have done so.

Mr. Butler submitted a few remarks in defence of Mr. Calhoun, who was not present. That Senator had never said that the Union might not be maintained by a faithful fulfilment of the stipulations of the Constitution as it is.

The further consideration of the subject was then postponed until Wednesday, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Chase presented a memorial in relation to the establishment of a line of Telegraph wires across the continent, and through Bhering's Straits, to connect the United States with Europe. Referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, presented a memorial of manufacturers, dealers and workers engaged in the business of fabricating India Rubber, in reference to the present defective Patent Laws, and the recent alleged unlawful re-issue of a Patent to Charles Goodyear. Referred to the Committee on Patents.

Mr. Walker introduced a bill providing for the survey of the route, and the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. Read twice, and referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

On motion of Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Census Bill—the question pending being upon Mr. Badger's motion, to recommit with instructions that the bill be amended so as to confine its operation to the enumeration of inhabitants only, striking out all statistics—which was rejected. Yeas 16, nays 29.

Bill then amended in various unimportant particulars, and postponed. Senate then adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 12th, the House resumed the consideration of the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House, the other day, laid on the table the Report from the Committee on Printing, to print one hundred thousand copies of the Report of the Commissioner of Patents.

Mr. Wentworth moved to print fifty thousand copies of the mechanical portion of the Report, and one hundred thousand copies of the agricultural portion of it. Agreed to.

The resolution was then passed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the President's California Message.

Mr. Gorman having the floor, proceeded to speak. He said that there had been so much said about the North and South, that he had almost come to the conclusion that the gentlemen had forgotten that there was a West. Yes, there is a conservative West, where the spirit of fanaticism does not walk abroad unbridled. They believed that the territory of California is now free. That by the act of the Republic of Mexico, slavery was abolished there. They believe that slavery never existed there, as in the American States. They assume that the laws, municipal in their character, between man and man, were never repealed, and will remain in full force until altered by the new sovereign. If he was right, there is no necessity for passing the Wilmot Proviso, or of prohibiting the institution of slavery in new Territories, now or at any other time. The North and the South can meet on the platform of the Democratic party—non-intervention.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, remarked that the people of his State understood by non-intervention that Congress has not the power to establish slavery or prohibit it; but whenever they undertake to protect property, they are bound to protect slaves as other property.

Mr. Gorman said that he would not consent to the Missouri Compromise. He would not vote for slavery or non-slavery—either for one side of that line or the other. He would trust the people and abide their decision. He believed that they will not entail on themselves anything against their own welfare and opinions. If they, in their primary meetings, say they desire the institution of slavery, because it is among them, that is their business.

Mr. Butler, of Connecticut, noticed the objection to the admission of California—that she was not regularly organized. He would ask, "if there had been a clause in her Constitution permitting slavery, whether Southern men would go against the admission?" The North hold to the principles of their Fathers. When the Government was formed there was no North and South. The latter, however, raised the issue on slavery for her own aggrandizement.

It was admitted in the Southern address and in argument on this floor, that everything was quiet until 1835; after that time the South got Florida into the Union, annexed Texas, and by hook or crook, must rob Mexico to acquire more slave territory. If the South had not shown and practised this principle of aggrandizement, there would not, now, be a Free-Soiler or Abolitionist in the North. He would vote for the Wilmot Proviso whenever it comes up. It was not necessary to tell him that it was unwise and a humbug. Can any Southern gentleman deny that the South for the last fifteen years have sought for territory to extend slavery.

On the 13th, Mr. Boyd asked the unanimous consent of the House to introduce and have printed the credentials of Mr. Wright and Mr. Gilbert, recently elected Representatives from California—together with the Constitution and memorial signed by all the Delegates, asking for the admission of that State into the Union.

The Committee on Patents reported a bill to extend the patent of William Woodworth. Referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Otis presented a minority report on the same matter.

Mr. McLane, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill for the erection of a Custom House at Cincinnati, Ohio, and a bill to establish new Collection Districts in Minesota, and ports of delivery elsewhere. Both were referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee on the Judiciary, made an adverse report on the memorials asking for the abolition of Chaplains in the Army and Navy. Laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Thompson reported a bill to establish an additional District Court in the Eastern portion of Texas. He said the Committee were perfectly satisfied that there could be no objection to the bill, and the business made it necessary for another Court to be established. Under these circumstances, he would ask to put it on its final passage.

Mr. McClernand said that he was not prepared to vote for the bill, as he did not know what effect it would have on the boundary question.

Mr. Sackett was opposed to the bill. He thought the subject should be inquired into before the bill was thus summarily passed. He did not know but the bill might be regarded as a sort of connecting link in the chain touching the settlement of the boundary question.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, favored the passage of the bill. It was one of necessity, and did not at all touch the boundary question.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, said he had no doubt that if the bill passed, the effect will be hereafter to use it as a strong argument by those who claim a large portion of the Territory of Texas. Thus they would get at the question in an indirect way. He believed that the bill proposed to extend jurisdiction over one hundred miles of what was not the true boundary of Texas.

Mr. Schenck said that there were one hundred thousand people on the Pacific waiting for a judicial system to be established, and to be admitted into the Union as a State. He thought it best to hurry on the business before the House, and to take up and dispose of it in regular order.

After some further conversation the bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the President's California Message.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, offered a series of resolutions instructing the Committee on Territories to provide for the admission of California—to legalize the Territories of New Mexico and Deseret, with suitable boundaries—to provide for the admission of delegates from the new Territories, and for retroceding the District of Columbia to Maryland.

The Chairman said that the resolutions could not be received in Committee.

Mr. Disney, of Ohio, having the floor, entered into a close constitutional argument, to show that the Constitution gave no power to Congress respecting the government of new territories. In support of this, he referred to the regulation and disposition of the public lands by Congress. He argued that the people have the complete right to establish their own laws and form of government, independent of the action of Congress.

On the 14th, Mr. Conger moved a reconsideration of the vote taken yesterday, on referring to the Committee of the Whole the bill from the Committee on Patents, extending the patent of Woodworth's Planing Machine, that it may be sent back to that Committee with instructions to inquire into the propriety of repealing the present law. He felt no apprehension that the bill would pass, but he wanted a repeal of the present law. He wished the Committee to inquire whether the impressions which have gone abroad in the community, that the law was procured by fraud, are correct. The Legislature of New York had passed resolutions on the subject. He believed it was a gross fraud, and a curse on mechanical interests, and the whole country.

Mr. Peck said it would be necessary to make out the most stringent case possible to induce the House to repeal the bill. If repealed, it would operate hard on individuals who have purchased rights. If nobody but Mr. Woodworth was interested, it would be another matter.

Mr. Sackett said that the patent had already been secured for twenty-eight years, and the Committee on Patents, in less than three months after the renewal was taken out, had reported a bill to continue the patent still longer. State and local conventions have been held, all remonstrating against the patent. It was believed the act was passed by fraud.

Mr. Hamilton did not rise to speak as to the merits of the question. Let the facts be reported to the House, and then all could act understandingly.

Mr. Hunter hoped the bill would be referred back to the Committee. The patent has seven years yet to run, and there was no need of hot haste.

The House, without further disposition of the question, went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the California question.

Speeches were made by Mr. Hebard, of Vt., and Mr. Morse, of La. Mr. Morse said slavery is the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to man. If he had the power he would make every negro a slave. No three millions of people any where were fed and clothed so comfortably as the slaves of the South.

On the 15th, the House went into Committee on private bills.

The bill to refund the fine of four hundred dollars, with interest, from the year 1800, imposed upon Dr. Thomas Cooper, deceased, under the sedition law, to his legal representatives, and the bill voting one hundred thousand dollars to the captors of the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, were laid aside to be reported to the House.

The Committee rose, when the House passed the first named bill, and adjourned till Monday.

☞ "Father," said the little son of one of our most extensive farmers, "if a grub is cut in two, won't he die?" "Of course, sonny." "Then, father, what is the use of telling people, as our paper does, how to destroy *cut worms*?" "Susan, this child eats too many pickles for dinner."

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 16.

A further advance of ⅛ of a cent has been obtained on Cotton to-day, but the [illegible] for sporting. The [illegible] exports, they keep out of the market. About 1,000 bales changed hands [illegible] for the week 11,000. Middling Uplands 11¼a11½, Mobile 12¼, and do Orleans 12½. Holders are confident of a large advance by the Niagara.

Ashes are easier for Pots, and the sales are 150 bbls at $6 25a6 37. Pearls are $5 87½.

There is a fair trade demand for Flour, and common descriptions rule heavy. The better grades, however, are firm. Some 3,000 bbls were disposed of at $4 87a4 94 for common and straight, with an occasional parcel at $5; $5 12a5 18 for mixed Michigan and common Ohio; $5 25a5 37 for good to fancy Michigan; $5 62a5 68 for pure Genesee, and parcels reported at $5 56.

Southern is in fair demand and prices unchanged. Sales are 1,100 bbls at $4 87a5 [illegible], including 500 bbls Fredericksburg at $5 12. There is more doing in Rye Flour, and market better. The sales are 300 bbls at $1 [illegible] for the price [illegible].

Grain.—In Wheat there is a steady [illegible] the demand is fair; sale of 1,000 bushels [illegible]. Rye is 57½c with sales of 2,000 bushels, though buyers do not generally offer over 57c. There is less doing in Corn, but prices are without variation; sales 11,000 bushels at 56a58 for Southern mixed, 57a58 for Southern yellow, and 59½ for Jersey do. Oats are dull and heavy at 40a43c, and [illegible].

Whiskey.—The sales are 300 bbls Prison at 24½. Drudge is firm at 24½.

Freights.—Engagements of Cotton for Liverpool at 7-32d, do for Havre ⅞, Corn to Liverpool at 6d. Flour at 2s, and Pork at 2s 6d, to Antwerp. Rice was engaged at 32s 6d.

Provisions.—The market is a trifle firmer for Pork, and the demand fair. Sales 1,200 bbls at $10 44a10 50 for mess, and $9 00 for Prime, including 1,000 barrels Mess at the former figure. Small sales of Beef at the rates of yesterday. Beef Hams are held at $17a17 50. Pickled meats are in good request, with sales of 500 packages at 6½a6¾ for Hams, and 4½ for Shoulders, including 300 of Hams, good, at 6½ cts. Lard is rather easier, with sales 600 bbls at 6¼a6¾c.

Coffee.—The supply on hand continues large, and the sales but moderate, except St. Domingo, of which some 2,000 bags have changed hands for export, at 9¼a10c. The stock on hand is not far short of 75,000 bags, including all descriptions.

Mahan's Plate of Fashions.—We had upon our table a most magnificent and beautiful Colored Plate of Fashions, which has lately been issued by that celebrated Fashioner, F. Mahan, 211 Chesnut St., Philadelphia. This beautiful and unique Plate contains 19 figures. Mahan has always heretofore been far in advance of all his competitors, but in this, his last effort, he fairly beats Mahan himself. We never seen any thing of the kind that could stand any comparison to his present publication. He may well offer six hundred dollars as he does to any who will produce a plate as well gotten up in the United States as his own. He might have added "or in France or England," without any fears of ever being called upon for a comparison.—*Camden Democrat.* 1t*

ALMANAC.

March, 1850	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
23 Saturday	6 [illegible]	6 4	10 31	
24 Sunday	5 55	6 5	11 18	[illegible]
25 Monday	5 54	6 [illegible]	11 22	
26 Tuesday	5 52	6 8	1 4	
27 Wedn'sday	5 50	6 [illegible]	1 45	Last 4 [illegible]
28 Thursday	5 50	6 10	2 28	New 13 [illegible]
29 Friday	5 4[illegible]	6 1[illegible]	[illegible]	First [illegible]
30 Saturday	5 47	6 13	4 [illegible]	Full 27 [illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
March 10.	40	[illegible]	52
11.	[illegible]	44	50
12.	40	47	52
13.	4[illegible]	7[illegible]	61
14.	60	62	71
15.	5[illegible]	58	56
16.	45	[illegible]	57

Marriages.

At the residence of her father, by Friends' Ceremony, on the 14th inst. [illegible], of Philadelphia county, to Mary, daughter of [illegible], of Bristol, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, at the residence of Dr. John [illegible], [illegible] Parker, of Burlington county, N. J. to [illegible], daughter of G. M. [illegible], of the Northern Liberties.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Howe, Richard Eyres, of City Point, Virginia, to Josephine Dubbs, daughter of Wm. E. Hosmer, M. D., of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. J. Allen, Mr. William L. Paul, to Miss Mary A. Fogg, both of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 13th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Mayor Jones, James L. McLeod, of Greenwich, N. J., to Annie T. Owen, of this city.

On the 9th inst. in the New Market Street Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Rev. J. B. Saxton, Pastor of said Church, to Margaret, daughter of the late Capt. Kellum, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 13th inst. by the same, Marshall H. Van Dever, to Catharine G. Kitselman, all of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, Samuel Wilcox, to Annie Roberts, daughter of Jos. Montgomery, Esq.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Suydam, Mr. M. Harper, merchant, of Ohio, to Miss Anna E. Vanhorn, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by Ald. C. Buzer, Mr. Francis Smithson, to Miss Jane Gass, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mercer, of Staten Island, Marks J. Biddle, of Reading, to Isabella, daughter of John Hamilton, Sr., of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Daniel Moothart, to Miss Elizabeth Canon, both of Spring Garden.

On the 16th of Dec. last, by the Rev. N. Cantwell, Mr. James Devin, to Miss Isabella Cavanaugh, all of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Barr, Mr. James Seabrook, to Miss Martha J. Hammond, all of New Castle county, Del.

On the 7th inst. by Ald. Thompson, Mr. Edward Holbert, to Miss Mary H. Walton, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. G. A. Reichert, Mr. Theodore G. Gauss, to Miss Catharine Shuster, both of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 18th inst. Benj. Clark, aged 82 years.
On the 16th inst. Mr. James Hunt, Sr., aged 81.
On the 15th inst. Hannah Young, aged 88 years.
On the 16th inst. Mrs. Martha Kerr, aged 82.
On the 14th inst. Edwin B. Phipps, aged 25 years.
On the 14th inst. Rachael, wife of Chas. Beutrich, aged 25 years.
On the 13th inst. Zarobabel, son of Geo. and Clarissa Lodge, aged 3 years and 6 months.
On the 14th inst. Mr. James Winchester, aged 62.
On the 13th inst. James Cander, aged 16 years.
On the 14th inst. Mrs. Jane Cochran, aged 31.
On the 13th inst. Edward Mitchell, aged 43.
On the 13th inst. Henry W. Mowery, aged 21.
On the 13th inst. Mr. Isaac Wilson, aged 51 years.
On the 14th inst. Mary Ann, daughter of the Rev. Hugh and Jane Brown, aged 8 years.
On the 15th inst. Mr. James Smith, aged 45 years.
On the 13th inst. Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of R. and Eliza Clark, aged 3 years and 6 months.
On the 14th inst. Miss Elizabeth Downey, aged 28.
On the 13th inst. Alex. Thomson, son of Leopold and Mary Coursault, aged 18 months.
On the 13th inst. Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Wilmer W. and Sarah A. Waller, aged 10 months.
On the 14th inst. Mr. Samuel McIlhenny, aged 71.
On the 12th instant, Miss Lucinda B. Fitzgerald, aged 25 years.
On the 13th inst. Mrs. Susan Byrne, aged 75.
On the 13th inst. Mr. George Hunter, aged 75.
On the 13th inst. Elizabeth McLaughlin, aged 5.
On the 13th inst. Emma Mayes, daughter of John and Catherine Mayes, aged 5 years and 10 months.
On the 14th inst. Charles A. Reed, aged 21 years.
On the 14th inst. Mrs. Sarah Land, aged 75.
At Germantown, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Susan, wife of Prof. H. Haverstick.
On the 14th inst. Gordon J. Summers, aged 11 years and 2 months.
On the 13th inst. Josephine Wayne, daughter of R. B. and Rebecca Sellers, aged 4 years and 7 months.
On the 13th inst. James M., son of Jas. E. and Jane R. Cole, aged 3 years and 1 month.
On the 11th inst. at Camden, N. J., Mary Joy, wife of Chas. C. Potts, aged 37 years.
On the 15th inst. Mr. John Thomas, aged 75 years.
On the 15th inst. Charles Tonkins, aged 61 years.
On the 15th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Devalines, aged 75.
On the 15th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of A. Cowtor, aged 7 years.
On the 15th inst. Joseph Schreiner, aged 6 years and 2 months.
On the 15th inst. Miss Mary A. Hinton, aged 29.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 1850.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N Hope, De Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par a ½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	10 dis
James bank	½ dis
Atlas bank	[illegible]
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex bk	½ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis

VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	½ dis
Far Bk & branches	½ dis
Valley Bk & branch	½ dis
Ex Bk & branches	½ dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bk of St Mary's	1 dis
Central bk of Mill	1 dis
Georgia R R Co	1 dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent bks	1 dis
FLORIDA	
So Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners Bank	—

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 4th to the 13th March.

March 4, received from

S. M. Lewis	$2 00	D. Bailey	5 00
[illegible]	2 00	H. Lewis	2 00
J. C. Moore	1 00	J. Schoonmaker	5 00
W. A. Heron	1 00	C. R. Chessman	5 00
C. Sipler	22 00	E. A. Taylor	4 00
Mrs. P. A. White	2 00	C. A. Henderson	2 00
R. J. Warren	2 00	Mrs. M. A. Richardson	2 00
Dr. J. M. Hoe	20 00	W. F. Maner	2 00
W. T. Nitt	8 00	O. W. Woodruff	1 00
Mrs. H. C. Hall	3 00	E. Loftin	5 00
J. H. Woodman	5 00	M. Hack	2 00
D. B. Boyd	2 00	J. S. Manson	5 00
J. Waldron	1 00	J. Bowen	2 00
D. M. Whitney	30 00	E. H. Dayton	1 00
A. Reid	30 00	P. Teal	1 50
D. Shirk	20 70		

March 5

[illegible]	2 00	E. Eby	4 00
[illegible]	2 00	J. Reeser	2 00
[illegible]	100 00	Mrs. H. J. Lipscomb	1 25
[illegible]	10 00	C. A. Webster	1 00
J. Mc[illegible]	2 00	E. Richards	2 00
I. Cox	5 00	B. P. Lee	21 00
C. M. Anderson	5 50		

March 6

W. Williams	5 00	L. Zimmer	10 00
Col. J. F. Lawrence	2 00	La Grand Gearrey	2 00
H. D. Brownson	4 00	W. J. Blair	2 00
Mrs. A. H. Dowd	1 25	J. H. Streitaff	5 00
C. Parsons	32 00	B. Upton	2 00
D. McWhorter	1 00	Dr. D. E. Wilson	2 00
L. Johnson	2 00	R. Cross	5 00
W. Murry	2 00	J. L. Fisher	2 00
E. Conner	5 00	H. Latetra	2 00
C. W. Welman	5 00	W. Yingling	2 00
A. T. Irwin	2 00	H. Master	2 00
Dr. J. T. Nolen	2 00	J. P. Anderson	27 00
O. Stevens	5 00	M. Shaw	40

March 7

D. Van Reed	2 00	E. H. Sprague	10 00
J. M. Watson	1 50	W. Van Vleck	10 00
Miss E. P. Hinton	1 50	C. M. Huntington	5 00
N. G. McNeill	2 00	J. D. Foster	5 00
I. Schnettman	1 00	J. H. Holley	10 00
J. Barton	2 00	J. H. Powell	2 00
E. D. Brownell	1 00	M. J. Lawrence	22 00
J. D. Williams	5 00	Dr. W. Davis	5 00
J. Bross	26 00	Miss J. C. Ault	2 00
S. Perrin	10 00	J. C. Adams	2 00
E. B. Holden	1 00	R. Morris & Co.	21 00

March 8

J. Rice	2 00	Mrs. M. Feeney	4 00
T. Morgan	1 00	B. F. Bray	5 00
G. F. Storrs	5 00	A. A. Spotts	20 00
J. Boston, Jr.	1 00	E. Barnum	2 00
J. L. Barnsback	3 00	W. A. Thorp	5 00
O. Collins	10 00	Mrs. H. A. Smith	6 00
Rice & Hawkins	2 00	A. S. Parker	10 00
Mrs. M. W. Cox	2 00	S. March	5 00
J. W. Smith	4 00		

March 9

J. L. Frederick	2 00	W. Taylor	5 00
W. H. Zeller	3 50	F. L. High	8 00
Mrs. D. Schenck	1 50	J. M. Cobligh	30 00
[illegible]	1 00	W. H. Adams	1 00
[illegible]	5 00	W. Haight	1 25
J. H. Tabb	1 25	J. W. Green	4 00
Miss E. J. Butterfield	1 25	W. Sutherland	5 00
S. Whitney	10 00	J. C. Phillpotts	5 00
J. H. Massey	5 00	L. M. Spratley	2 00
J. K. Hoe	5 00	R. G. Downer	1 25
G. L. Lee	21 00	H. B. Farrar	2 00
J. Ward	10 00	J. Colbert	1 00
H. G. Hasson	10 00	Mrs. F. Colverd	1 00
S. F. [illegible]	5 00	C. R. Haight	8 55
Rev. O. Miller	4 00		

March 11

J. A. Campbell	2 00	J. Hasencker	5 00
[illegible]	2 00	W. Rochet	5 00
J. W. Nicholson	2 00	J. G. Kersein	5 00
R. C. Parker	2 00	A. Schull	2 00
Miss E. C. Allen	2 00	J. M. Wilson	50
L. McKay	2 00	F. Hudreth	1 00
J. C. Whittier	1 25	J. A. Houston	7 00
J. L. Weire	1 25	G. Starck	5 00
L. S. Williams	1 25	J. H. Powell	3 00
E. B. Clemmens	2 00	T. Beecher	5 00
R. Morris & Co.	11 00	E. T. Williams	3 00
J. W. Faircloth	2 00	G. Conger	22 00
J. Kraut	11 00	L. M. Gilbert	20 00
W. C. Duncan	10 00	E. F. Warren	5 00
A. Snow	20 45	S. Underwood	1 00
W. Gorton	25 00	Miss G. Klein	2 00
W. J. Turner	8 00	Dr. E. F. Smithers	2 00
R. Mills	2 00	L. Redfield	5 00
J. Livingston	5 00	A. H. Bullen	5 55
Mrs. W. Cook	1 00	W. & A. Morse	10 00
T. Thomas	1 00	Capt. J. Pearce	1 00
J. Stein	2 00	J. J. Warford	6 25
J. M. Hicks	2 00	R. Chase	5 00
A. W. Seabrook	2 00	G. W. Johnson	22 00
T. M. Butterworth	4 00	A. M. Elder	3 00
H. B. Roberts	5 00	D. B. Nivin	2 00
M. J. Foster	2 50	T. W. Marion	25 00
J. M. Bell	2 00		

March 12

W. M. Hall	11 25	D. W. Viser	1 25
A. E. Burnett	2 00	M. C. Davis	1 25
W. V. Paschall	2 00	G. W. Hutchins	1 25
S. L. Edwards	2 00	J. W. Harris	30 00
J. Morgan	2 00	J. W. Crosdale	2 00
S. Hopper	2 00	B. Lindsay	5 00
F. Goodrich	1 25	J. G. Hutchinson	2 00
Mrs. C. M. Brown	1 00	J. F. Fowkes	2 00
R. R. Hatch	1 25	J. C. Hart	4 00
C. Montague	1 00	J. Jones	1 12
Mrs. S. J. Hancock	1 25	C. Syler	1 12½
M. Cody	1 25	J. M. Longstreth	1 12½
A. B. Randall	1 25		

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,
HAS BEEN REMOVED TO
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SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY are invited to call at the new office upon any business connected with the magazine.

CHANGE OF PUBLISHER.

To Subscribers.—The proprietorship of Graham's Magazine having passed, by purchase, into other hands, all letters and communications of whatever kind relating to the business of this periodical, will hereafter be addressed to Geo. R. Graham, Editor.
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

"The Original Publisher, Mr. Geo. R. Graham, has now the entire charge of this popular periodical, and has removed his office to 134 Chesnut street. This magazine, under Mr. Graham's management, has attained the largest circulation conceivable, and is regarded, both here and in Europe, as one of the soundest, as well as most entertaining, works of its kind ever issued. We are gratified to hear that Mr. Graham has returned to his old station with a determination to devote all his time, talent and business energies to the further brilliant success of the magazine, and we are positive that the announcement of this fact will alone procure thousands of new subscribers. The April number will be ready on the 23rd of the present month, and, we are assured, will transcend its predecessors both in point of embellishments and in letter press. All who know Mr. Graham, professionally or personally, will rejoice to see his genius more liberally rewarded than ever."—*Fitzgerald, City Item.*

"We are gratified to announce that the magazine will, in future, be under the sole editorial control of George R. Graham, whose tact, energy and talent first gave it that extended patronage which it has so deservedly enjoyed. We rejoice that the clouds of adversity, which have dimmed the prospects of Graham, are disappearing, and that sunshine again illumes his path. We know no one upon whom all of fortune's gifts should be more profusely showered, for he has the kindest of hearts, and carries his 'open hand' almost to the extent of recklessness. He has perhaps now found out his true friends, and learned a lesson in the school of experience."—*Col. Wallace, Sun.*

"Mr. Graham, the editor, has now entire charge of the establishment. The April number will be ready on the 23rd of March. It will, we have reason to know, prove a splendid specimen, as well in embellishment as in literary matter. We congratulate Mr. Graham upon his return to his old post, and under circumstances so auspicious. The magazine is identified with his name and fortunes, and its future career, we venture to predict, will prove brilliant and successful. He will devote to it his entire time, energies and talents, and the troops of friends who assisted him in his early career, will rejoice in the opportunity to give another onward impulse to his prosperity."—*Robert Morris, Inquirer.*

"Our friend Graham has returned to his magazine, like Cincinnatus to his plough, and the turned up soil begins to show the effect of it. In his last number he gives a very careful estimate of the character of Edgar Poe, prepared from his personal acquaintance and dealings with him, and there is one generalizing and speculative passage of this, which we will give to our readers next week. The article brightens the character of the dead poet, and its spirit, in this ever hallowed respect, is most creditable to Graham."—*N. P. Willis, Home Journal.*

"The public will hear with pleasure that Mr. Graham has resumed the control of this favorite periodical; and, as a consequence, they may anticipate an increased amount of entertainment and instruction from its pages. Mr. G.'s well established reputation as a judicious and intelligent caterer for the intellectual and literary appetites of a refined community, is of itself sufficient to ensure it an increased circulation; and also affords a sufficient guarantee that it will derive fresh interest and attraction under his future management."—*Col. Cummings, Bulletin.*

The undersigned feels gratified with the generous manner in which his old associates of the press have met him on his return to the business of publishing, and hopes to justify their kind sayings, partly by publishing a magazine greatly beautified in all respects. The July number will be the first of a new volume, when various improvements will be made in the work.

The terms for the year will be $3 per year for single subscribers. Two copies for $5, and for clubs 5 copies for $10. GEO. R. GRAHAM, Editor,
mar23-3t 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 306.—12½ CENTS.

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5. The New England Fog, *Jour. of Commerce.*
6. Deaf Smith, the Texan Spy, *Nook's Messenger.*
7. The Russian Loan, *Examiner.*
8. Germany, *Spectator.*
9. President Taylor, *Examiner, Spectator, Journal des Debats.*
10. Switzerland and the United States, *N. Y. Evening Post.*
11. Seppi, the Goatherd, *Swiss Fairy Tale.*
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THE attention of the readers of the "Post" is invited to the recent publication called "The Pastor's Wife or Memoir of Mrs. Sherman," of which the first edition of one thousand copies has been nearly sold. It is confessedly one of the most interesting Biographies of a pious and intelligent woman that has ever been written. Her travels in Germany and Austria, with her sojourn at Grafenburg, where she went to try the water cure, under the care of the celebrated Preissnitz, are rife with incidents of the most interesting character, showing the spiritual darkness of the continent, witness the following: "Husband called on a nice old Austrian, holding a high official situation, and otherwise a remarkably intelligent man, and in the course of conversation quoted the fourth verse of the twenty third Psalm 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me'—he immediately said, 'Dear me, what beautiful sentiments—whose words are these? Byron's?'"

In press and will shortly appear, "The Churchman's Manual," by the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, D. D. Third edition revised and enlarged. Whoever would know the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, be he a member or not, should possess this book, the beauty of its style being only exceeded by the Christian moderation with which it is written.

New and Old Books, the largest and cheapest assortment of all kinds in the city. Orders from abroad attended to promptly, and every information given respecting prices and edition. My country friends would save a great deal by applying direct. School, Classical, and other Text Books.
mar16-1m ROBERT E. PETERSON.

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Silver " 18 to 30
Lepine 10 to 12
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This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
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A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.
Beautiful Pattern Tea setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor est Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.
S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second and Third, (south side,) Phila.
aug18-1y

CHEAP BOOKS, CHEAP BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

RECEIVED from the New York and Philadelphia Trade Sale, a large assortment of splendid Books, suitable for the parlor or presents, Family and Pocket Bibles from 25 cents to $25; Pocket Bibles, morocco gilt edges, from 37½ cents to $3; Prayer Books from 25 cents to $10.

Also, a large assortment of Annuals, Albums and Poems with an extensive collection of children's Books, and a full assortment of Blank Books of all sizes.

Letter and Cap Paper, from $1 per ream up to $3; by the quire from 6 to 25 cents; also, a large assortment of paper and materials for making Flowers, with a great variety of Note Paper Envelopes and motto Wafers, with a full assortment of plain and fancy Stationery at 20 per cent. less than usual prices, wholesale and retail, at
RICHARD MAGEE'S
Cheap Bookstore, corner of SECOND and CHESNUT Street. oct20-6m

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE: A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matt selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,			$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—This is a pioneer in the line of "Family Newspapers," and it is decidedly at the head of the list. We have been a reader of the paper for many years, and have just been perusing number 697, vol. XIII., now before us, and dated August 2nd, 1834. It was an excellent paper then, and has been improving ever since, until it is, we think, *the very best of its class*. It is as much ahead of the humbug ——— as the noblest Pennsylvania team horse is ahead of a miserable Mexican donkey. It is neutral in politics and religion, but in matters of public order, morals, justice and humanity, it is always *right*. So well assured are we of this, so high its tone and character, that we would at any time be willing to endorse its opinions without examining them. These expressions are no hollow compliment—we mean just what we say.—*Fort Wayne Times, Fort Wayne, Inda.*

To our friends who would like an excellent family newspaper, we cannot too highly recommend the Saturday Evening Post, published by Deacon & Peterson, No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia. A paper suitable for the farmer, mechanic, merchant, and gentleman of literary taste—containing a great variety of reading matter, together with the choicest romances of the day, written for the "Post." Its home and foreign correspondence is also of the most interesting character. In short, you always find the columns of the "Post" *new, fresh*, and always *interesting*. The age of this paper alone (in its 29th year,) should be a sufficient guaranty of its goodness. Its proprietors promise a more brilliant paper for 1850 than ever.—*Mercantile Advertiser, Bath, Me.*

The "Saturday Evening Post," published weekly at Philadelphia, is one of the best, if not *the* best, of the weeklies. It contains much original matter of a solid and profitable character, and its selections are made with great care and good judgment.—*Republican, Goshen, N. Y.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This is the largest literary paper published in Phila., and contains thirty-six columns of excellent and interesting reading. To speak of its excellence to those who read it is superfluous. It is all that a family paper could be. To those desiring a first rate paper, we would say, in all candor, send for the Post.—*Gazette, Lansingburgh, N. Y.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This is one of the most regular, and of the most welcome literary papers which finds its way to our sanctum. Of the very largest size, its ample columns are filled weekly with an assortment of the most valuable and interesting matter, while its editorials evince a tact and ability not excelled by any of its competitors, if equalled. Some of the most intensely interesting tales and novelettes of the day have graced its columns during the past year, while for the future, the arrangements of the publishers are such as to promise a paper unexcelled in interest and value.—*Montgomery Phœnix, Fort Plain, N. Y.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This best of the mammoth weeklies is the most welcome and regular of our exchanges. It contains the greatest variety of original and selected matter of every order calculated to elevate, instruct, amuse and improve the mind. Its editorials are written in a vigorous and independent style, free from redundancy and always piquantly appropriate to the subject.—*Carrolltonian, Westminster, Md.*

The Saturday Evening Post publishes a very attractive prospectus for the year 1850. The Post is an excellent paper, in all respects. It is not given up exclusively to the light and frivolous trash which only serves to enervate the mind and vitiate the taste; but aims to furnish its readers with solid, substantial and healthful literature, which elevates and instructs, as well as entertains the mind. We recommend it to every one who wants a Philadelphia weekly, that is worth its subscription money.—*Gaz. and Dem., Reading, Pa.*

The Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* is the largest and best literary paper published in the United States. Its selections are made with great ability and in the best taste. As a family newspaper it is not excelled by any. In its literature it rivals any of the monthly magazines.—*Gazette, New Castle, Pa.*

The editors of the Post appear quite free from that truckling toadyism that makes so many literary editors afraid to have an opinion. They are evidently men of liberal minds, and we always read their paper with pleasure and interest.—*The Saturday Visiter.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This paper we consider as the most valuable of all our weekly exchanges, and justly entitled to the success it meets with the public.—*Democrat, Meredith Bridge, N. H.*

SLEEPER & FENNER.
MANUFACTURERS OF
UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,
No. 126 Market Street, corner of Fourth Street,
PHILADELPHIA,

RESPECTFULLY beg to call the attention of the merchants of the United States to their establishment in this city. THEY ARE THE MOST EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS IN THE UNITED STATES, and have obtained this pre-eminence by THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR MANUFACTURES.

And the Comparatively Low Prices at which they have supplied their numerous customers.

They take this opportunity to return sincere thanks to their friends, whose discrimination in favor of their Umbrellas and Parasols, have placed them in their present position, and hope they have found this preference mutually advantageous.

They beg to make a respectful application to those merchants who have not yet favored them with their orders, and to solicit a call when they visit the city, or if not coming to Philadelphia, and they will confide an order per mail, it will be their pride and pleasure to execute it as well as if they were present.

S. & F. have largely extended their premises and their arrangements for an increasing business, and they now present their friends feb16-3m
Such an Assortment of Parasols and Umbrellas, as have never been equalled in the United States.

ARCHER & WARNER,
MANUFACTURERS,
NO. 119 CHESNUT STREET,
Would call the attention of purchasers to their extensive assortment of
ELEGANT LAMPS,
CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, PENDANTS,
and other burners of original and splendid designs, and of the best workmanship and finish. The recent award of a gold medal by the Franklin Institute "for the greatest improvement" exhibited in their workmanship and especially for the BEAUTY and GRACE of their
ORIGINAL PATTERNS,
is a guarantee that persons purchasing at this establishment will be furnished with an article that will be satisfactory in all respects.
They also introduce Gas Pipes into buildings in the best manner, and at the lowest rates, and attend to all kinds of altering and repairing. All work done by the house
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
The recent introduction of improved machinery, and the division of labor instituted in their factory, enable them to offer articles of mar16-tf
ORIGINAL PATTERNS,
that will compare with any establishment in the country, in regard to either workmanship or price.

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS' REGALIA
FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS
PREMIUM
Awarded to
J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
PHILAD'A, PA.
For
Odd Fellows Regalia
1849.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and wholesale Dealers in Clothing Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c.
No. 104 Market Street below Sixth Street.
WOULD call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. mar16-1y

☞ **PLEASE TO READ THIS.** ☜
SEARS' NEW PICTORIAL WORKS FOR 1850
GREAT CHANCE FOR BOOK AGENTS TO CLEAR FROM
$500 to $1,000 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED, in every Town and County throughout the Union, to sell "*Sears' New and Popular Pictorial Works,*" universally acknowledged to be the best and cheapest ever published, as they certainly are the most saleable. They consist of:—"A New and Popular Pictorial Description of the United States," "Pictorial History of the American Revolution," "Scenes and Sketches of Continental Europe," "Description of Great Britain and Ireland," "Pictorial Family Annual," "Treasury of Knowledge," "Information for the People," "The Family Instructor," "Pictorial Sunday Book," "Bible Biography," "Bible History," and Second Series of the "Wonders of the World," &c., &c., &c.

Any active agent may clear $500 or $1,000 a year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
aug25-tf 128 Nassau Street, New York.

TREES, ETC.—The subscriber has for sale at his Nurseries, near Burlington, New Jersey, a general assortment of Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental Trees, &c., which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms. Any person wishing particulars can have a catalogue containing names and prices by addressing the subscriber (postage paid).
mar16-tf GEORGE B. DEACON.

GEORGE J. HENKELS,
CABINET MAKER,
AND
UPHOLSTERER,
NO. 173 CHESNUT STREET,
(OPPOSITE THE STATE HOUSE,)
Offers for sale the largest stock of well manufactured
CABINET WARE
in the United States. This stock will be found unequalled in excellence of material and workmanship; embracing all the
LATEST DESIGNS,
FOR DRAWING-ROOMS AND CHAMBERS,
and will be sold at the lowest possible rates, for cash, or approved city paper.
AN ASSORTMENT OF
ELEGANT BOUDOIR AND SQUARE
PIANOS,
For sale at very reduced prices. feb 23-1y

DR. HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS;

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, at the German Medicine Store, No. 120 ARCH St., Philadelphia, will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits.

READ THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE:

It appeared in the leading German Journal of Philadelphia—the "Philadelphia Democrat." The Editor was personally acquainted with Dr. Hoofland, and prizing the services of this great man he could not quietly look upon the assurance of an impostor, without apprising the public of approaching danger:

Christoph Wilhelm Hufeland. In English
CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM HOOFLAND.

"One of the most renowned physicians, one of the greatest benefactors of modern times, was born at Langen Salza, Germany, on the 12th day of August, 1762! After a careful scholastic education, he, like his father and grandfather, (two celebrated doctors,) voluntarily devoted himself to the study of medicine, at Jena and Gottingen, and in 1783 obtained the degree of doctor of medicine, at the latter University. From 1793 to 1801, he officiated as Professor at the University of Jena. In 1801 he was appointed private physician to the King of Prussia, member of the Academy of Science, and upon the establishment of the new College at Berlin, Professor and Court Physician by the Ministry of the Interior. His characteristic profoundness and deep penetration enabled him to combine the theoretical and practical; to unite old and new systems; produce in common the practical and useful, and thus draw therefrom the results and necessary applicable means.

"It was Dr. H. principally, who exposed and destroyed the 'Brown's System,' which, notwithstanding the brilliant exterior, could not conceal its many imperfections, brought to light by Hoofland's noble impartiality, sound truths, and deep penetration. Independent of his practical usefulness as physician and professor of the healing art, he has earned undying fame for his superior knowledge in *Materia Medica*, as well as for his manifold works on medical jurisprudence. Among these may be mentioned his world renowned '*Makrobiotik*, or the art of prolonging life,' 'System of practical healing art,' 'Ideas of Pathogenie,' 'Journal of Practical Medicine, &c.' He has besides all this gained eternal fame and praise from suffering humanity for the discovery and combination of several infallible medicines, among which is the far famed and justly celebrated compound, known as

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

The application of acidulous earth for the cure of Sulphuric diseases—the celebrated Diaphoretic remedy—and numerous invaluable recorded recipes.

After the celebration of his fiftieth professional festivity in 1833, upon which occasion the King of Prussia honored him with the insignia of the Order of the Cross of the Red Eagle, and many other Royal Orders and marks of distinction, he died on the 25th day of August, 1836, (as the King of Prussia's private medical counsellor,) *without any legitimate male heir or offspring.*

"Dr. C. M. Jackson, of Philadelphia, has had the means of obtaining the genuine recipes of the great medical counsellor 'Christoph Wilhelm Hufeland,' and these invaluable medicines are prepared with the utmost care at the German Medicine Store. The bitter mixture, Hoofland's German Bitters, is the result of many years study and experience by the great inventor, and known and prized in Europe as an infallible remedy for the cure of *Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, &c.* Dr. C. M. Jackson's preparation of this medicine has obtained the same celebrity in this Western world. The testimonials and innumerable confirmations of thousands of the most severe and difficult cases cured, is ample proof of this. The medicines compounded by Dr. C. M. Jackson have produced the very effects and the same happy results, which the immortal inventor indicated and intended, and consequently must be prepared with scrupulous accuracy."

These bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withall safe, certain, and pleasant.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.

They have the written signature of C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and his name blown in the bottle, *without which they are spurious.*

For sale wholesale and retail at the
GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 120 Arch Street, one door below Sixth, late of 278 Race Street, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States and the Canadas, and by F. Thomas, No. 160 Maine street, Cincinnati, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the Union. my26-1y

Selected Poetry.

A SERENADE.

Extracted from "Galileo Galilei," a tragedy, by Dr. Brown, recently published, and highly commended in a London critical journal.

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen,"
Fiery, loving, but serene;
Eyes like planets, planets though
Shedding light and lovelit glow
O'er the dark yet solar star,
Whence they never run afar.

Sweetest lips two lips could kiss,
Tender, fragrant, spilling bliss
On the lips that dare to sip
Love's wine from them, lip to lip
Lips caressing and caressed,
Four are satisfied and blest.

Smoothest cheek for cheek to touch,
Peachy, glowing, young, and such
Paris might have envied me:
Helen's cheek could never be
Fresher on the heights of Troy,
She a woman, he a boy.

Fairest head was ever made,
Brow for light and hair for shade;
Shapely, delicate and small,
Knowing little, feeling all!
All its thoughts are mine and love's,
Loveful as a turtle-dove's.

Prettiest throat that ever sung,
Singing always Love is young!
Veiny, flexible, and round,
Living well of gladsome sound,
Running over with delight,
For the ear can listen right.

Softest bosom ever pressed
To a lover's happy breast;
Breathing, dewy, blissful place,
Let me nestle there my face
Milky, fragrant, blissful home,
Never from this nest I'll roam.

Daintiest form Love ever folded,
(Let me sing it and be scolded,)
Soft and warm from top to toe—
Do not shut thy sweet eyes so;
Sweetest eyes were ever seen,
Fiery, loving, and serene!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"A song for our banner?"—The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"—
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of the Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in His Infinite Wisdom designed,
And armed with Republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!

Home Journal.

Selected Articles.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

The New York Evening Post, in commenting upon the "Rochester Knockings," lays before its readers the following kindred instances of imposture from the history of the past:

In 1726, a woman named Mary Tofts, living at Godalming, in the County of Surrey, England, "of a healthy constitution, small size, fair complexion and sullen temper, unable to read or write," confessed to her female friends with much reluctance, that she was constantly giving birth to rabbits. The story began to spread, and was so well confirmed by *facts* that it attracted the attention, not only of the neighbors, but of the medical faculty at a distance. Of course, precisely as in the case of the Rochester ghosts, the truth of her assertion being admitted readily, the great puzzle was to explain the cause of this "monstrous deviation from the laws of Nature." The woman herself could not explain them, except by stating that being in a delicate situation, she had seen some rabbits in a field, and tried in vain to catch them. Another woman who was present, and was an important witness in the affair, testified that she had—what? charged Mary Tofts with longing for the aforesaid rabbits. Mary also admitted that she had dreamed about rabbits, and so, this unfortunate tendency had come upon her.

Strange as this story was, it was fully believed, and when a highly respectable physician, Mr. Howard, of thirty years experience, was called in to assist her during these strange deliveries, and certified that in the course of one month, he had acted as accoucher to thirty rabbits, the sceptical began to yield their opposition, and the believers increased rapidly in numbers. So great a noise did the circumstances create, that George I. became personally interested in the inquiry, and sent his own surgeon, Dr. Ahlers, to inquire into the subject. The Doctor made a personal examination of the case, became satisfied of the truth of the extraordinary reports, and went back to London, not only convinced himself, but with the intention of obtaining a pension for the luckless Mary. The King then sent Dr. St. Andre, his surgeon and anatomist, also to investigate the affair. He too returned thoroughly convinced. He even carried back with him some of the very rabbits, which were duly dissected before His Majesty, and found to be rabbits and nothing else. An official account was then published by him, and of course it produced a very high state of excitement in the public mind. A controversy arose between the believers and the unbelievers, and the celebrated Whiston wrote a pamphlet, asserting that the miracle was in strict accordance with the prophecy of Esdras. On the other hand, Hogarth attacked the friends Mary Tofts, most effectively, in social caricatures. Still the delusion sped, and with such effect, that few persons would any longer eat rabbits, from a feeling of disgust. The rents of rabbit warrens fell to nothing. In short, there was a general impression of the truth of the story, when the then Princess of Wales took the matter in hand. Mary was brought up to London and closely watched by Sir Richard Manningham, an eminent physician, and even he came very near being imposed upon, until he proposed a very dangerous operation, in order to relieve her. This alarmed her so much that she confessed the trick, explained how it was carried on, and named the party who supplied her with rabbits. She also confessed that she had expected to get assistance from the public, so that she would not be obliged to work for a living. Mary was committed to Tothillfield Bridewell for a short time, and rabbits continued to breed in the usual manner.

THE COCKLANE GHOST.

In 1762, the Cocklane ghost made its appearance in London. At the house of a Mr. Parsons, the poor parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's, alarming knockings and scratchings were heard by his daughter, an artless child, only twelve years of age. On being closely questioned, she admitted that she had not only heard these noises, but had seen the apparition of a Mrs. Kent, formerly a lodger in the house, reported to have died of the small pox after she had left it, but believed to have been murdered. The rumor spread like wild-fire, and as it is always the credulous who first assemble to witness the supernatural, crowds of believers gathered at the Parish Clerk's! The knockings and scratchings became more violent, as the number of believers increased. A clergyman was selected among others to sit at the bedside of Miss Parsons, to converse with or exercise the ghost, as the case might be. He informed the ghost, in a loud voice, that its answers if in the affirmative, should be indicated by one knock, and, if in the negative, by two knocks. The arrangement being concluded, the ghost was asked if it was the spirit of the murdered Mary Kent, and it answered with one knock. This heightened the public anxiety, and directly she was removed from her home, to several houses in succession, and attended night after night, by watchers and committees embracing all the learned professions, and a number of ladies. The knockings continued, no one could account for them, and the faithful asked. If there is an imposture, explain how these knockings are made? Even Dr. Johnson, became a champion of the ghost. The sequel of the affair is thus described by the historian:

"At length, on being pressed to give some proof of its veracity, the ghost consented to attend one of the gentlemen into the vault where the body was buried, and manifest its presence by a knock upon the coffin.

"When the appointed hour arrived, 'the spirit was very seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went, with one more, into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the ghost, then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.'

"This want of punctuality in the ghost gave a fatal blow to its reputation. Even the most besotted of the believers were staggered by it. A flimsy attempt was, therefore, made to restore the ghost's credit, by asserting that the coffin and corpse had been removed, which, of course, had prevented the spirit from giving the signal; but, on examination, they were found to be safe in the vault. Stricter precautions were now taken to guard against deception being practised by the girl; her bed was slung like a hammock, in the middle of the room, and she was closely watched. Driven to her last shifts, she contrived to secrete—but not unseen—a bit of board previously to her being put to bed, and having, as she thought, secured the necessary materials for carrying on the trick, she ventured to declare that she would bring the ghost at six the next morning. In the morning she accordingly began to make the accustomed sounds, and, on being asked if she had in the bed any wood to strike upon, she positively denied the fact. The bed-clothes were then opened, the board was found, and this simple process annihilated the Cocklane Ghost.

"Mr. Kent, the accused person, had, in the meanwhile, proved his innocence, by certificates from the physician and apothecary who attended upon the deceased female. The base attack upon his character appears to have been prompted by revenge. While lodging with Parsons, he had lent him some money, which, after much forbearance, he was compelled to recover by a suit at law. The malignant defender, however, did not escape punishment; he, with others who had lent themselves to his imposture, being ultimately brought to trial, and found guilty of a conspiracy."

It is a curious circumstance, that the mysterious noises heard at the house of Mr. Fox, in Arcadia, (part and parcel of the knockings at Rochester,) were of a similar character. They established, if any thing, the murder of a pedlar some years ago, and the burial of his body in the cellar of that house. The believers began to dig for the bones, but, having worked for a few minutes, gave up the search, relying on the verity of the ghost's statements, rather than on the demonstration of the pick-axe. The questions asked, were asked by persons who, for years before, had suspected a certain party of having committed the crime, as that party was compelled to get his neighbors to certify that he had always borne the character of an honest man. He fell into suspicion, because an old maid found his wife altering two coats for him, which she refused to account for to the inquirer's satisfaction!

OLD TUNES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There is something in the spirit of "olden tunes" that haunt our hearts with sacred witchery. Be it in mirth, or be it in melancholy, there is nothing operates so intensely on our nature as the melodies long familiar to us. Our feet never suffer so much from imposed restraint when a modern waltz or fashionable polka is played, as when "The Campbells are Comin," "Haste to the Wedding," is struck up with tantalizing brilliancy. We feel no thickness in the throat over the sentiment of "Casta Diva," as we do while the simple pathos of "John Anderson my Jo," or "Poor Mary Anne," arrests our bosom. Yes! Goth like as it may appear, we confess our passion for all the vulgar, common-place tunes extant, be they English, Irish, or Scotch.

We believe we could dance with the gout to "St. Patrick's Day," and sing with the toothache if "We won't go home till morning" were chorused around us. As for "Roy's Wife," despite of her celebrity for jilting, we are ever ready to be off with her on her slightest whisper; and "We're a Noddin" has kept us out of our bed many an extra ten minutes, when some "little" or "big warbler" has volunteered it just as the chamber candles were lighted.

When have we tripped so joyously through the "festive maze," as in the free and easy time of "Christmas jollity" after supper, when young and old, grave and gay, are enlisted "*volens volens*," into "hands cross, down the middle, and up again," while "Katty O'Lynch," the "Young May Moon," or "Speed the Plough," was inspiring our ecstatic antics; and then, shall we reveal our foolish emotions of plaintive sympathy awakened by the "Robin's Petition," or "Savourneen Dheelish," when a dreamy dimness has gathered before our eyes, until the very blaze of the cheerful fire has lost its distinctive form, and we have seen nothing but the poor starving little bird shivering in the snow storm, and the exiled wanderer in his mournful solitude. Oh, we do love these old tunes and ditties, and hope we ever shall love them; and how many more are there in this heart-grinding world, who snatch glimpses of happiness from their antiquated sources. How the children of the poor will cluster round some ragged servitor of Apollo, who scrapes away at one of these "vulgar tunes," and how they involuntarily assume attitudes and steps of most animated though grotesque arrangement. These steps always appear to us the identical ones mentioned so often by philosophers, as being between the sublime and the ridiculous, yet we scarcely dare to smile at the approach of Ignorance to the altar of Spiritual Beauty, uncouth as the advance may be. Let them shuffle and twist, and slide and jump, in their own uncivilized way, it is an opportunity for their getting nigher to God through the medium of an "old tune."

And what would the mother do without these "old tunes" to hush her infant to rest, or arouse it into chuckling joy? Who ever heard a mother attempt to sooth her young one with a scientific bravura, or a ballad from the last opera? Why, the thing is not to be imagined! No, it is the "old tunes," the quaint and ancient morsels of common melody, that are naturally uppermost on the nursery tongue, and pass from generation to generation, with undiminished charms.

We once tried to get a refractory infant to sleep under the influence of the polacca in "I Puritani." We labored unceasingly for one long hour, and seemed as nigh gaining our point as ever.—The imp was still grizzling and crowing; and stretching and kicking, with the most unequivocal signs of being "wide awake," and we found we were rolling the stone of Sisyphus. We betook ourselves to "Auld Lang Syne," the kicking subsided, the grizzling died away in a confused murmur, between a faint snore and a deep sigh, and in ten minutes the young rebel was as fast as the pyramids. The "old tune" had done the work, and we never intend to experimentalize any more with new fangled lullabies.

There are few hearts but what have a grey stone or two erected in them to the memory of some departed loved ones. There consecrated tablets are mercifully shadowed by Time into a soft oblivion, and we are spared the pang of continually tracing their mournful inscription; until a ray of light is thrown by some thought-star, and we con over the sad words with renewed devotion. All poets and philosophers have discovered how slight a cause will bring back our warmest recollections, and perhaps among the strongest links which hold us to the dead there is none stronger than the "old tune" which they liked to listen to, or used to sing. What a gush of gentle sorrow will spring in the father's breast when, by chance, he hears the self-same air that his fair girl learnt years ago, to please him. The child is missing in his home—her place is vacant—she is gone from his warm hearth-stone to the cold sepulchre, but the "old tune" lives on, and has the power to thrust the world and its allurements from his mind, to take him back to scenes of bygone happiness, and lead him onward to the future in hope and faith. The son never forgets the melody that his mother used to sing to him in his early years, simply and imperfectly as it might be rendered by her; yet he was gladdened and excited by it, and he will recognize it when his own hair is white, and his limbs tottering, with a tender respect, as the "old tune" which he loved when he was a boy. Oh, "old tunes" are blessed things; and come where and when they may, the one who is akin to heaven as well as earth will bow to their influence. Never let us be ashamed of finding ourselves laid hold of by "Tom Bowling" or "Black-Eyed Susan." Let us not deem it a weakness to detect our feet in an incipient, at the bidding of "Mrs. M'Leod" or "Nancy Dawson," for we have little reverence for the man or woman who is never to be warped from the frigid proprieties of artificial existence, by the vulgar interference of "old tunes."

Paint me as I am.—"Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle the great protector showed both his good sense and characteristic taste in the desire that the wrinkles in his countenance should not be lost in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curl-pated minions of James the First. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put upon it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, and perhaps by remorse; but with valor, policy, authority and public cares, written in all their princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.—*Edinburgh Review.*

☞ "I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?"

"Why, it's daddy's."

"Who is your daddy?"

"Don't you know? Why, Uncle Pete Jones."

"So—you are the son of your uncle?"

"Why, yes, I calculate I am. You see, dad got to be widower, and married mother's sister; so I reckon he's my uncle."

"Boy, you are not far removed from a fool."

"Well, as we ain't more than three feet apart, I gives in to that."

"Good morning."

"Good morning. You didn't come it that time, stranger."

INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH PLACES.

We find the following melancholy list of the triumphs of intemperance among politicians, uncredited, in one of our exchanges:

Our list of drunken statesmen is more formidable than that of our intemperate clergymen; for men who serve at the altar of their God, are expected to be more free from the immoralities of life, than the leaders of parties.

In the House of Representatives at Washington, we have seen a member from New Hampshire hanging for hours across his writing-desk, like a bag of sand, who, when roused from his lethargy, would sometimes gain the floor, and, from his powers of mind and utterance, command the attention of all. The lobbies of the House brought the ulcerations of his moral character to ripeness and rottenness; so that his constituents failed to re-elect him to Congress, and he soon after died of *mania-a-potu.*

Who has not seen the tall, drunken member from New York, a native on the floor? In the Legislature of New York, and on the floor of Congress, he was long known, and every where acknowledged as a leading politician of strong mind; but, by his pernicious habit, he went down to old age, a victim to intemperance.

The notorious drunkenness and horrid death of Felix Grundy McConnell, render it almost superfluous to name him, except as a warning to the coming generation. After he had reduced himself to a skeleton by dissipation, in a fit of *mania-a-potu,* he finished the work of death with his penknife.

The Secretary of War, during a part of Mr. Madison's Presidency, and several of the "Granny Generals," as they were familiarly called, under him, were frequently seen in a state of intoxication.

A statesman from Georgia, who once held a place in our National Cabinet, and who was a candidate for the Presidential chair, had the same fault to such an extent, that he could not write his name.

A Senator to Congress, from New York, who had been Governor of the Empire State, who died suddenly, was accustomed to drink in Washington two pints of brandy for his per diem allowance—and yet he had such strong intellectual and bodily powers, that he could speak rationally and walk straight, when his face was like the sun turned to blood.

Another gentleman, who had been Governor of the State of New York, of most amiable manners and generally beloved, while Vice President of the United States, was so often intoxicated that he disgraced himself and the Senate, while presiding over that august body. During several sessions of Congress, he was absent for most of the time, while a President pro tempore occupied his seat in the Capitol. He died prematurely from inebriation.

Three of the Senators in Congress, from Pennsylvania, we know to have been drunkards. One of them had been the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth; and another of them anticipated the nomination of party to that high office, but failing to receive it, soon killed himself with alcohol. A third still lives, and has been seen by the boys to crawl like a tortoise from the back and the curbstone to the door of his boarding-house, while the young urchins exclaimed:—"There's a drunken Senator from Pennsylvania." He is so heavy a man, that a slender companion and a half-tipsy coachman could not sustain him on his feet, while moving over the breadth of a side pavement.

We have heard a distinguished Senator say, on Capitol Hill, that he never introduced a measure until he had resolved on it twice, once when drunken, and once when sober.

One who very ably filled the Vice President's chair, in the Senate, not long since, and who was the learned jurist, the accomplished scholar, the friend of humanity, and the decided defender of Christianity, fell a victim, in the prime of life, to the free use of intoxicating beverages.

We have heard the silly declamation of a noble general on the floor of the Senate; and when the presiding officer required "the Senator from Indiana to take his seat," we saw him fall flat, at his full length, on the floor, because he was too much beside himself with strong drink, to find his large elbow chair. About two years after this event, he died of the fashionable mania, and was buried with all the due Congressional solemnities, not far from the Senate chamber, in which he most ingloriously "took the floor."

Truth might also tell us of the electioneering campaign of a Governor of Missouri, who was drunk at nearly every place of public speaking to which he betook himself; and having been elected, continued his potations, until he placed the trigger of a gun to his toe, and the muzzle to his forehead, and blew his brains out, before his official term of office had expired.

The above list might be swelled with distinguished living examples, who will be used (unless they reform,) after they are dead, to also "point a moral." *Let them reflect upon this.*

When inebriation has thus assailed all classes of people in the community, from the lowest to the highest, is it incredible that 30,000 of the American people should have died annually from the poisonous effects of alcohol?

ANECDOTE OF GEN. ARNOLD.

The following anecdote of Arnold, was communicated to Col. Stone, for his "Life of Brant," by the late Gen. Morgan Lewis:

At the close of the Canadian campaign, during the winter of 1776-7, while Arnold and many of the officers were quartered in Albany some difficulty occurred between him and Col. Brown, who subsequently fell at the stockade called Fort Paris, which resulted in establishing between them a feeling of mutual ill will.

Arnold was at the head of a mess of sixteen or eighteen officers, among whom was Colonel Morgan Lewis. Colonel Brown, having weak eyes, and being obliged to live abstemiously, occupied quarters affording great retirement. In consequence of the misunderstanding referred to, Col. Brown published a handbill, attacking Arnold with great severity; rehearsing the suspicious circumstances that had occurred at Sorel, and upbraiding him for sacking the city of Montreal while he was in the occupancy of that place. The handbill concluded with these remarkable words:—"Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country."

Such a publication could not but produce a great sensation among the officers. It was received at Arnold's quarters while the mess were at dinner, and read aloud at the table—the accused himself sitting at the head. Arnold, of course, was greatly excited, and applied a variety of epithets, coarse and harsh, to Colonel Brown, pronouncing him a scoundrel, and declaring that he would kick him wheresoever and whensoever he should meet him. One of the officers present remarked to the General, that Colonel Brown was his friend; and that, as the remarks just applied had been so publicly made, he presumed there could be no objection to his repeating them to that officer. Arnold replied, certainly not; adding, that he should feel himself obliged to any officer who would inform Colonel Brown of what had been said. The officer replied that he should do so before he slept.

Under these circumstances no time was lost in making the communication to Col. Brown. Col. Lewis himself called upon Brown in the course of the evening, and the matter was the principal topic of conversation. The Colonel was a mild and amiable man, and he made no remark of particular harshness or bitterness, in respect to Arnold; but, towards the close of the interview, he observed: "Well, Lewis, I wish you would invite me to dine with your mess to-morrow."—"With all my heart," was the reply; "will you come?" Brown said he would, and they parted. The next day, near time of serving dinner, Col. Brown arrived, and was ushered in. The table was spread in a long room, at one end of which the door opened directly opposite to the fire-place at the other. Arnold was at the moment standing with his back to the fire, so that, as Brown opened the door, they at once encountered each other face to face. It was a moment of breathless interest for the result. Brown walked calmly in, and turning to avoid the table, passed round with a deliberate step, and advancing up close to Arnold, stopped, and looked him directly in the eye. After the pause of a moment, he observed: "I understand, sir, that you have said you would kick me; I now present myself to give you an opportunity to put your threat into execution!" Another brief pause ensued. Arnold opened not his lips. Brown then said to him: "Sir, you are a dirty scoundrel." Arnold was still silent as the sphinx. Whereupon Brown turned upon his heel with dignity, apologized to the gentlemen present for his intrusion, and immediately left the room.

This was certainly an extraordinary scene, and more extraordinary still is the fact, that the particulars have never been communicated in any way to the public. Arnold certainly did not lack personal bravery; and the unbroken silence preserved by him on the occasion, can only be accounted for upon the supposition that he feared to provoke inquiry upon the subject, while at the same time he could throw himself upon his well-attested courage and his rank, as excuses for not stooping to a controversy with a subordinate officer. But it still must be considered as one of the most extraordinary personal interviews to be found among the memorabilia of military men.

The Great Discovery of Sir H. Davy.—When the friends of Sir Humphrey Davy were expressing their high admiration of his valuable discoveries, he interrupted them with this extraordinary remark:—"The greatest discovery that I have ever made, was the discovery of Mike Farraday;" a poor boy whom he picked up in a work-shop, and whose after-life did credit to the philosopher's assertion, for he is now the world-renowned Mr. M. Farraday.

Wit and Humor.

A YARN IN THE HALF-DECK.

"Did you say you served your apprenticeship in the *Arethusa?*"

"Yes, I served my time in the *Arethusa.*"

"What age were you when you went to sea?"

"I was sixteen."

"Put down sixteen, Bill."

The scene of the present dialogue was the forecastle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames; the speakers, an old seaman, and three others, scarcely arrived at middle age, one of whom, behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk, on the lid of his own chest.

"Put down sixteen, Bill," whispered one; and the number was put down.

"Then how long were you in the *Arethusa?*"

"I served five years," said the old man; "then I stopped by her other three; I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner."

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

"But you would be a young fellow then; I should think you would not be long out of a ship?"

"I got a ship directly and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened, we were water-logged as we were on our passage home; all hands took the rigging, where we were three days without a bite of any thing, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day, got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I did not yet tell you all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel and taken to America. The Americans used me very well; so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time."

"How long do you suppose you were in America, altogether?"

"I was away ten years from leaving home."

"Didn't you go into the Greenland trade after that?"

"No, it was not till some time after. I was on board a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other, the press-gang got scent of me; a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me; but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his Majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, 'The sooner we part company the better, old fellow.' So I ran away; it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me; so I got myself stowed into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way."

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, "on board of man-of-war, seven years."

"Then did you get home all right?"

"Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had; the ice was short and hummocky, and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows who'd been fuddled maybe the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute."

"How long were you in the Greenland trade?"

"I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman and traded to the East Indies for a long time."

"How long do you suppose?"

"About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and the most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me."

"Did you get home all right and tight?"

"All right and tight both."

"Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?"

"I didn't lie up at all. When I got home, I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for five years seeking him. I turned tired of wandering, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the mainland; and I traded in her for ten long years—ten long years, I can assure you."

"Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?"

"I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China."

"How did you like the China trade?"

"I liked it very well. I was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it; but I tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put ashore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started negro-driver in a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I would be off to sea again."

"Was that before you were captain of the old *Cleader?*"

"Yes; that was just before I got to be captain of the *Cleader.*"

"Weren't you a long time captain of the *Cleader?*"

"I was captain of the *Cleader* for nineteen years. I was captain of her till she was lost on the Gunfleet Sand; it was as much as we could do to save our lives that time."

"What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?"

"That was the *Peggy.* I was a long time in her both mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master."

"How long is it since the *Peggy* was lost?"

"Let me see, it will be fourteen years this next month; just fourteen exactly."

"Then you must be a good old fellow, now?"

"Aye; I'm a good age now, you may depend on't."

"See what age he is there, Bill, will you?"

Bill, who had been listening in the background, and taking notes on the lid of his chest, proceeded to read off the following items:

Went to sea in the *Arethusa,*	16	years old.
In the *Arethusa,*	8	years
In America,	10	"
On board man-of-war,	7	"
In Greenland trade,	19	"
In East India trade,	13	"
Among the pirates,	3	"
Among the savages,	16	"
Travelled in America,	5	"
Traded to Prince Edward's Island	10	"
In the coal trade,	30	"
In the China trade,	5	"
In the Baltic trade,	7	"
In the hospital,	3	"
Negro driver,	9	"
Captain of the *Cleader,*	19	"
In the *Peggy,*	12	"
Since the *Peggy* was lost,	14	"
Total	206	years.

"Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!" said Bill, with a chuckle.

"Bravo!" said Tom; "there's not a man like him in the fleet!"

Parson and Jockey.—A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the *State Prison,*" retorted the clergyman.

☞ Questions for the Debating Societies.—In sickness, which man suffers the most—a short man or a long one? In other words, isn't there more pang in six feet of pain than in five feet four?

ANECDOTES
FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A pleasant "Down-East" correspondent sends us a "batch" of legal anecdotes, several of which are very amusing. We annex a few:

Some years ago a case was on trial before the Supreme Court of Maine, in one of the Eastern Counties, in which the plaintiff sought to recover compensation for an alleged injury to his fishing-privilege, occasioned by the erection of a mill-dam by the defendants. The testimony on the part of the plaintiff was clear and conclusive, and it was supposed the case would be submitted to the jury without the production of any witnesses by defendants; but after some consultation their counsel finally called an old rough weather-beaten fisherman, who was interrogated as to the habits of the salmon, and the effect of the dam. He stated among other things, that he had known salmon to "go up right over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular!"

"What is that, Mr. Witness?" said the Judge; "do I understand you to say that salmon will go over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular?"

"Why, *sartin!* Your honor don't know no more about them are fish than a child. Why, look here, your honor, I live on a p'int of land 'at makes cout into the river so, (drawing a map on the witnesses'-box) and, ye see, the salmon going up have to go clear round this here p'int. Wal, your honor, the fish coming up the river, spiteful-like, when they get off ag'in my house, leap clear across, right over my house and barn, a hundred and fifty feet at least, your honor. I've picked up fat ones, your honor, too heavy to fetch across, many a time."

The court had listened in mute astonishment, but the next moment the peremptory order:

"Mr. Sheriff, put that man out of the house!" was heard above an irrepressible burst of laughter.

Ned P——, gives a spicy account of his examination in one of the sciences at the University. The time usually allotted for the study of geology was, as he thought, more profitably employed in hunting expeditions to East Creek, and when examination day came round, on this subject he was not particularly learned. Professor A—— looked upon geology with perfect adoration, and however wide of the mark a student's answer might be, his grave and solemn countenance gave no sign to the hapless examiner of the correctness of his response.

"Young gentleman," said the Professor to P——, "You—will—describe—horne—blende," a task as difficult for him as to describe the King of the Mosquitos. He tried it, however:

"Hornblende is a mineral, generally supposed to be a stone." Here he hesitated, to give the Professor time to correct him if he was wrong. Judging from his unmoved features that he had struck the right vein, he dashed on: "Of an animalcular consistency, and infusorial form; unctuous to the touch; tertiary formation; slightly ferruginous; of a spotted color; belonging to the triassic system of compound drift; and is usually found just below the crust of the palaeozoic rocks on snake mountain!"

"Anything more?" meekly inquired the Professor.

"No, that was all he recollected."

"Well, young man," said he, gravely, "if you should ever discover any article of the kind you have been describing, you stand a chance of becoming very celebrated, if you will only make it known. It was never hitherto supposed to exist, by the scientific world."

He was not marked higher than seventeen for this proficiency.

Among the smaller excerpts we learn "How to kick a Man with Impunity:"

"Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. 'I will engage,' said one to the other, 'to give the man before us a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry.' He did as he had undertaken to do: the man turned round and looked astonished. 'I beg your pardon,' said the kicker—'I took you to be the Duke de la Tremouille!' The Duke was very handsome, the kicked man very plain; he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way."

The following is very curious:

"There was a man once imprisoned in a very high tower, and how do you suppose he got down? *By his hair!* It had grown long during the period of his captivity; he cut it off, and uniting one hair with another by a little knot, he let down the gossamer line into the ditch of the tower, where a friend of his tied a fine silken end to it. He drew it up, and to the end of the silk was tied a thread, to the thread a piece of twine, and finally a good strong rope, by means of which he reached the ground."

Capital.—We heard a good one of a green sprig from the Emerald Isle, who, the other day, entered a boot and shoe store in Lowell, to purchase himself a pair of "brogans." After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shop-keeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order.

"And wha-what will yer ax to make a good pair iv them?" was the query.

The price was named; the man demurred, but after a "batin' down," the thing was a trade. Phelan was about leaving the store, when the other called after him, asking:

"But what size shall I make them, sir?"

"Och!" cried he promptly, "niver mind about the size, at all—*make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money.*"—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

The Judge and the Gaoler.—Trying an action which arose from the collision of two ships at sea, a sailor, who gave an account of the accident, said: "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle." Lord Mansfield asked, "Where is abaft the binnacle?" Upon which the witness, who had taken a large share of grog before coming into court, exclaimed loud enough to be heard by all present, "A pretty fellow to be a judge, who does not know where abaft the binnacle is!"—Lord Mansfield, instead of threatening to commit him for his contempt, said, "Well, my friend, fit me for my office by telling me where abaft the binnacle is; you have already shown me the meaning of half-seas over."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices.*

Wholesale Purchaser.—A fellow from Kentucky a few weeks since, went in a store of a fashionable milliner in Canal street, Cincinnati.

"Have you got any skirts?" asked he.

"Plenty of all kinds."

"What do you ask a cord?" said the chap.

"A cord?" replied the woman.

"Yes, I want about a cord. Up in our diggins, the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise '*corded skirts,*' and I thought while my hand was in, I'd take what you had corded up."

The milliner fainted.

Science and Art.

To Dye Black Satinet, Muslin de Laine, and other Goods which have a Woollen Weft and Cotton Warp.—Dye the woollen part first by preparing the wool with the sulphate of iron, about ½ oz. to the pound of wool and a small quantity of the sulphate of copper. At this ratio of iron preparation the woollen goods should be boiled in a suitable quantity of water for three-fourths of an hour. If the goods are in pieces they have to be kept continually turning on what is termed a winch. After this boiling they are taken out, dried, and dripped. They are then dyed with logwood, at the rate of three pounds to the ten pounds of goods. The boiling should be continued one hour at least. They are then to be taken out and well washed, and then left to steep for eight hours in cold weak sumac. They are then to get a dye of what is termed the cotton process; viz., first handled in weak cold limewater, then taken out, dripped, and run through a solution of copperas, then dripped, well washed and afterward run through (not very strong) a solution of logwood. All they want now is to be washed and dried. This dies both the wool and cotton. As wool is an animal and cotton a vegetable production, the processes to dye them are entirely different, and this is the reason why so many fail to dye a black upon such kinds of goods. No hot sumac should be used, or else the wool will become very brownish in color.

Water-tight Cellars.—I noticed in the last number of *The Cultivator,* the description of a mode of excluding water from cellars, by ramming in a space with clay between the wall and the earth, eight to twelve inches thick. Allow me to suggest another and cheaper mode. Plaster the whole inside, bottom and all, with two or three successive layers of water lime cement, making the cellar as tight as a water lime cistern. The water cannot get in at sides or bottom; and if two or three inches thick, and mixed with pebbles at the bottom, no rat, however ingenious, can pass it, after well hardened; and it makes a beautiful floor for the cellar. X.

Salt in the Sea.—The amount of common salt in all the oceans is estimated by Schafhaeutl at 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles. This would be about five times more than the mass of the Alps, and only one-third less than that of the Himalaya. The sulphate of soda equals 633,644.36 cubic miles, or is equal to the mass of the Alps; the chloride of magnesium, 441,811.80 cubic miles; the lime-salts 109,339.44 cubic miles. The above supposes the mean depth to be but 300 metres, as estimated by Humboldt. Admitting with Laplace, that the mean depth is 1,000 metres, which is more probable, the mass of marine salt will be more than double the mass of the Himalaya.—*Silliman's Journal.*

New Mode of Constructing Ships.—A gentleman of this town has introduced a plan for building ships with iron ribs and all the interior parts strengthened with iron, but with the planking and exterior of wood, as in ordinary vessels of the old-fashioned construction. The planks are to be bolted to the iron, and it is believed by many parties conversant with the construction of ships, who have examined the various parts of the contrivance, that it will secure important advantages, amongst others those of cheapness and superior strength. A model of a vessel on this construction has been exhibited in the Exchange and Underwriters' rooms, and has attracted much attention. We are informed that a ship to be built on this plan has been recently laid down in one of our ship yards. She is to be a first class vessel, and will not cost more than £10 per ton.—*Liverpool Times.*

Greatest Weights on Railways.—Mr. Hawkshaw stated that locomotive engines are the greatest weights which can come on railways, and reckons 1¾ tons per foot linear as the greatest weight for a single line of railway. Mr. Fox, Mr. Fairbairn, and Mr. Brunel mention 1½ ton. Mr. W. H. Barlow states that, on the Midland there are engines on four wheels weighing 32 tons exclusive of the tender, but that that weight is too great for the permanent way, and the rails are crushed and flattened by it. Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Locke state 1 ton per foot linear is the greatest weight which comes on a line of single rail.

Miscellaneous.

NOTES ON THE MINES.

BY J. H. COLLIER.

[The Pacific News says that the following growl, set to metre, speaks for itself. It gives one side of the picture of a miner's life, with a good deal of spirit. The other side of the same picture may be looked for on the manifests of the steamers, and in the private boxes of their passengers.]

Oh, the beauties of the "diggins,"
Neither few, nor rare, nor small;
In the world are many "riggins,"
But the gold humbug's worst of all.
From the time of your departure,
Constant toils and troubles run,
Till you find you've caught a Tartar,
And return home—if you can.

Speak not now of small boats crammed with
Men and fleas too thick to move,
Nor of sluggish rivers d—d with
Fierce musquitoes in a drove.
Set aside the mules, and jaunting
Weary days through sand and sun,
Water, food and shelter wanting—
Then the trouble's just begun.

Reached at last the golden mine is—
Pitched upon the tent the sticks,
And such things as are not "fixins,"
Ranged in something like a fix.
Over now all care and sorrow,
Miners dream of yellow beds,
Finding "pockets" on the morrow—
Lumps as big as barrel heads.

Early up the steep "gulch" travel,
Choose a spot and make the start—
First come beds of sand and gravel,
Hard as frog-rid Pharaoh's heart.
Then big stones quite rough and weighty,
Needing lifting very strong,
Or a rock so rough and slaty,
Just right where it don't belong.

Crowbar going like a knocker—
Pick and spade in hurry wild—
Shaking "fix" out of the rocker—
Sleepy as with crying child.
Standing in the mud and water,
Thinking if the hole don't pay,
"Taint because it hadn't oughter,"
Till 'tis near the close of day.

Then, when tired to death the branch is,
Scraping up the sand that's loose,
Squatting down upon one's haunches
Over the puddle like a goose;
In this way you roll and "splosh" it—
Tedious as it is uncouth—
And all carefully you wash it,
Till your back aches like a tooth.

Tentward, discontented, plodding,
With five dollars or a dime—
Eat your pork and biscuit, nodding
Like a tree-top all the time;
Getting sticks and stones to lay right,
Sleep in dirty blankets rolled,
And two hours before 'tis daylight
Wake up, shivering with the cold.

In the morn something has happened—
Never sure to find all right;
Hatchet missing, or your japaned
Teapot slept out over night—
Or a grizzly bear has walked off
With the meat hung near your tent—
In the hole that you have chalked off
Water springs have found a vent.

Let them tell their golden stories,
And believe them—I don't care,
None can know just where the ore is,
Save they chance to find it there.
Fortunes have been made, I know it,
By some lucky ones before;
And let him who wishes, go it—
I don't want to any more.

WE ARE ALL COWARDS IN THE DARK.

A medical friend of ours, who some years since visited Paris, under circumstances most favorable to an *entree* to a most interesting circle—that of the survivors and *ci devant* supporters of the "Empire"—tells a capital story, as he heard it related by the celebrated General Excelmans, one of Napoleon's *paladins.* It was at a dinner party, composed of some of the survivors of Waterloo, a few of their younger relatives, and the secretary of an ex-king, on a visit from his home in America, and to whom our friend owed his introduction to the circle. Some question arose about bravery, when the younger members of the company were electrified to hear the venerable and heroic Excelmans gravely and seriously declare that *men were all cowards in the dark!* The General smiled at their expression of dissent, remarked that it was "very like youth," and proceeded to tell the following anecdote in support of his strange declaration:—

There was a young hot-head in the Emperor's service, who, burning for action, and his duties for the time affording no opportunity, at last resolved to fight a duel, and choosing to construe some remark or other of an old and superior officer into an insult, challenged him. The old soldier, waiving all considerations of rank, agreed to meet the young man, but on the following unusual terms: The time should be night—the place a room, in opposite corners of which they were to stand.—The seconds, having placed their men, were to withdraw outside the door, taking the candles with them. The words should be given from without, when he who had the first fire should discharge his weapon, and the seconds, bearing the light should immediately rush in.

These strange conditions were accepted, the time arrived, and the seconds placed the parties as agreed upon—withdrawing immediately, and leaving the men in the dark. The word was given, the fire was heard, and there stood the eldest of the two, bolt upright in the corner, his adversary's ball having entered the wall so close to his head that the escape seemed little less than miraculous.

It was now the old soldier's turn to fire. They were again left in the dark, the word was again given from the outside, and instantaneously with the discharge, the seconds rushed in, and found the challenger prostrate on the floor—*not having yet recovered himself from the trick to avoid the ball,* which, on examination, it was found must have killed him.

The young man was covered with confusion, and the seconds were overwhelming him with expressions of their scorn, when the veteran stopped them.

"Not so fast, my young friends," said he, "you will grow wiser. Where do you suppose I was at the first fire? On my hands and knees in the corner; but *mon foi!* I was up quicker than he!—*Par Dieu! Messieurs, we are all cowards in the dark!*"

It was afterwards whispered to our friend that the story was an actual fact, and that the elder of the parties was no other than the brave warrior Excelmans himself.

Eloquence.—Though a great man said that "words are things," the agents who have created greatest things, were men of fewest words.—Washington could not have made an oration to save his life, and Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, had but small power of thinking on his feet. We do not underrate the force of grand and impassioned speech; we hold that utterance is a sublime faculty, that it can set the brain on fire, and the heart in flame, but to guide a nation, when that nation has reached its climax of excitement, the finest utterance will be feeble. It was Moses who led the hosts of Israel out from Egypt, and to the borders of the promised land, yet Moses was poor of speech, Aaron, who was eloquent, was but the mouth of Moses, and Aaron was always only secondary.—*Giles.*

☞ Iridium, which forms the so-called "Diamond point" of the Gold Pen, is the hardest known mineral next to the diamond, and is the only one which at all answers the purpose required in the delicate manufacture of which we are speaking. The Iridium imported into this country is from the mines of Siberia and from South America, and is obtained through agents in England—being purchased largely on this side expressly for the use of the Gold Pen manufacturers. Its price in gross bulk ranges from $30 to $75 per ounce; no good qualities being procurable at a lower rate than $30.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Take for example, a young girl, bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding house through her youth, never accustomed to either air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is not adequate to the demand upon it. Her beauty fades away. She languishes through her hard office of giving birth to children, suckling and watching over them, and dies early. "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children? Was it Providence? No. Providence had assigned her three score years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children and see her children's children, but she did not obey the laws on which her life depends, and of course, she lost it.

A father, too, was cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, or passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil never ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes, and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty: a checked circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps; and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world. "Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of her life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her vanity, and avoid the folly in future?

Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking or in study, or in business; also being caused often by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, etc., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation there would be an end to the frightful maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as if falling asleep.

Leopold of Belgium and the Working-Classes.—There is no sovereign in Europe who, with so little apparent effort, succeeds so well in ingratiating himself with the laboring classes as the King of the Belgians. He has a quiet and sincere manner of expressing himself when speaking to or of them; and whenever the opportunity offers, he never fails in rendering them his powerful assistance. A striking example of this occurred a few days since. The burgomaster of Lacken, in which commune is situated the king's palace, has a very noisy neighbor in the person of a boiler-maker. As he had not obtained from the authorities the special permission to carry on this trade, the burgomaster closed his premises, and caused the seals to be placed on the gates in the absence of the men. They applied to their employer, who referred them to the burgomaster, with whom a warm altercation took place, which ended in the men, about sixty or seventy in number, declaring that since he, the burgomaster, had so little consideration for them, they should try an appeal to the king. No sooner said than done. They adjourned to a public house, drew up a petition, and went on their way to the palace, where they were met by General Prisse, the military governor of the province, who, on being informed of the cause of the assemblage, took the petition to the king. One of the workmen was immediately sent for into the royal presence, and, notwithstanding a little nervousness, he made out a very clear story. To which the king replied in nearly the following terms:

"My friend, this is not right on the part of the burgomaster. He must be aware that I suffer great annoyance from the chemical manufactory of Mr. C——, which is contiguous to my grounds. I cannot even walk in my garden when the wind is in a certain quarter. Surely the burgomaster can put up with the inconvenience of your shop, which, after all, is but a little noise. I will see that justice is done."

A messenger was immediately despatched to the proper authority, and the next morning the men were again at work. In the evening they requested to be allowed to give his majesty a serenade, which was granted; and after partaking of a good supper, and the royal liberality, they returned highly gratified.—*Morning Chronicle.*—[We are not sure that Leopold acted legally or with perfect justice in interfering as above related, though his conduct is to be admired on the score of humanity. It seems to us bad logic that a noisy manufacture should be tolerated next door, merely because a king foolishly raises no objection to an unhealthy chemical work.]

☞ If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 13, 3, 18, 3, is a town in Africa.
My 2, 16, 18, 17, is a county in New York.
My 3, 7, 17, 2, is a river in Africa.
My 4, 2, 8, 5, 15, is a town in Soudan.
My 5, 6, 15, 17, 7, 14, is a county in Virginia.
My 6, 15, 16, 16, 9, 16, is a county in New Jersey.
My 7, 1, 16, 5, 17, 18, 5, is a town in Turkey.
My 8, 18, 17, 15, is a river in Africa.
My 9, 16, 18, 15, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 13, 9, 19, is a town in France.
My 11, 5, 16, 17, 12, 8, is a county in Kentucky.
My 12, 17, 17, 15, 19, is a county in Kentucky.
My 13, 2, 16, 16, 15, 16, is a county in New Jersey.
My 14, 18, 14, 1, is a county in Georgia.
My 15, 16, 18, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 16, 11, 14, 5, is a county in Tennessee.
My 17, 15, 2, is a county in Iowa.
My 18, 18, 14, 15, 5, 7, 17, 5, is a town in Turkey.
My 19, 18, 17, 15, is a river in Africa.
My whole is a principal teacher in one of the public schools.
J. D. E. and C. B.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 8, 4, 14, often comes across our brain.
My 4, 6, 3, is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 14, 5, 4, is an inhabitant of Denmark.
My 4, 5, 1, 11, is a narrative.
My 5, 12, 9, 3, 16, 4, is practised by the Yankees.
My 6, 2, 3, is an end.
My 7, 9, 4, 8, we find to a great extent in this city.
My 8, 6, 5, 4, 10, 8, is to rely upon.
My 9, 12, 15, partakes of the nature of a serpent and fish.
My 10, 1, 11, 15, 4, is a hollow to receive a statue.
My 11, 14, 3, 9, 7, 11, 12, is the fall of the voice.
My 12, 14, 11, 15, every one taken separately.
My 13, 9, 15, 5, is a domestic.
My 14, 5, 5, 14, 16, is to frighten.
My 15, 14, 8, is a youth.
My 16, 9, 14, 9, is a mineral.
My whole should be the most venerated fabric in the city of Penn.
G. W. S.

A PUZZLE.

I am composed of letters four,
To which is sometimes added more;
And one letter if you can,
And my whole is given then. CACTUS.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A father, lying at the point of death, left his three sons, A, B, C, his estate as follows: To A he gave [illegible] of the property; to B [illegible], and to C the remainder, which was $100 less than B's share. What was the value of the father's estate, and what did each receive? J. A.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What person is more sedate than a priest?
Ans.—One who is a graver.

☞ Why is a man walking to a town like one endeavoring to prevent a blow?
Ans.—Because he is going toward (to ward) it.

☞ Why should the stars be the best astronomers?
Ans.—Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

☞ Why are trees like swine?
Ans.—Because they root in the ground.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
Kerr, Rogers & Company. Domestic Happiness.
CHARADE.—Portland Court House.
QUESTION.
Diameter 10 rods—width of walk 4 feet.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Large *versus* Small Cheeses.—The Ashtabula Telegraph, speaking of the great decline in the price of cheese in the Northern part of Ohio, the last season, attributes it to the large size of the cheeses.

"It is stated by one of our most intelligent and cautious merchants, that his experience of New York prices of cheese, acquired during his Fall visit to make purchases, settled in his mind, conclusively, the form and weight of cheese intended for export or for city use. He found on inquiry at the highest sources, that while five-and-a half cents was the top price for our large sized cheese, the small sizes, say from ten to twenty pounds, were quick of sale at nine and nine-and-a-half cents. This, he declared, was a fact worth knowing by any country merchant in the habit of buying cheese, and it is a fact worth knowing by those who make cheese. Large cheeses, however skillfully and carefully made and kept, are bad travellers. The principle of decomposition is inherent in every cheese, and nothing but dryness can arrest it—but in large dairies this degree of dryness is difficult of attainment,—is seldom attained. What is called *heaving* in cheese is simply fermentation, and this is the first step to decomposition, which is inevitable, after the *heaving* has once occurred. The great losses heretofore sustained by foreign merchants—purchasers of large cheese have made them shy of the article, and their loss of character has led to their fall in value."

Effect of Railroads on the Market.—Whether the railroads leading into New York have a tendency to cheapen produce in the city, we cannot say; but certain it is they have greatly enhanced the price at the farmer's door. We were struck with this at Binghampton, the other day. The price of poultry has more than doubled. Butter is within two cents of the weekly average in New York. Venison used to be a common dish upon the tables of the quiet villagers of that once inland town; but now they cannot afford to pay the two shillings a pound that the city epicure will pay in New York, where it can be sent in the morning, and served up for supper the same day.—*Agriculturist.*

Making Maple Sugar.—It is surprising how very general the practice is of boiling the sap in large cast-iron kettles. Sheet-iron is much cheaper, needs far less fuel, does not crust nor burn round the top, and is decidedly favorable to very clean sugar. A simple mode of making sheet-iron pans is described in the Ohio Cultivator—the pans being 4 or 5 feet by 2½, nine inches deep, the bottom and ends one strip of good sheet iron, and the sides 1½ inch plank.—The edges of the iron are punched with holes an inch apart, in a zig-zag line, a strip of slippery-elm bark placed between the iron and the plank when nailed on, and the whole then placed on a brick "arch," which entirely keeps the fire from the plank sides.

Ploughing by Steam.—The Banffshire Journal states that a patent for a steam plough has been taken out by the inventor, Mr. James Usher, of the firm of Usher & Co., of Edinburgh, and the machine will shortly be before the public. The machine is constructed to plough six furrows at once, thus doing the work and saving the expense of six double horse ploughs. The great weight of the machine, which is estimated at three tons, may be thought an objection; but this is in a great degree obviated by the use of a large roller, which is so placed in the centre as to balance the machine, and prevent the wheel sinking. The cost of the entire apparatus is estimated at £300.

Tobacco.—The tobacco grown in New South Wales has hitherto been considered of very inferior quality; but the colonial manufacturers have lately improved their method of preparing the leaves for use, and now hope to exclude American tobacco from colonial use, and even to export Austrian tobacco to England.

Culture of the Castor Oil Plant.—A mill and press for the manufacture of Castor Oil, has recently been established in Cincinnati; and the proprietors give notice through the newspapers that they are desirous of inducing farmers to cultivate the plant for the purpose of securing a supply of seed; and they are prepared to furnish seed to farmers for planting in the Spring. They represent this crop as a safe and profitable one, but we have seen no statement of facts to corroborate this opinion; and for our part we have strong doubts of the success of this crop in Ohio, and we advise farmers not to make the experiment on a large scale at the first.—The plant naturally belongs to warmer climates than that of Ohio, and we think will be found to need a longer season than ours to mature a full crop of seed. In a few of the Southern Counties of Illinois, and in portions of Missouri, the crop has been raised to some extent for a number of years past, but we believe it is not found very profitable; and that region is considerably farther South than any part of Ohio.

The gentlemen in Cincinnati, the Gazette says, are paying $2 per bushel for the seeds. We have seen no definite statement of the usual product per acre, or the cost of cultivation. A bushel of seed, it is said, will yield about two gallons of oil; but the manufacture requires much care and expensive machinery. The oil is worth from $1,50 to $1,75 per gallon, if well made.

DUNLOP CHEESE.

The following method of making this celebrated cheese, is given by Mr. Robert Gray, a practical Scotch farmer, now residing in New Brunswick. It is taken from the report of the Directors of the St. John Agricultural Society:

When more than the produce of one milking is used, the old milk must be heated to the same temperature as that newly drawn from the cows, or a little above it. This is best done by putting the milk, after taking off the cream, into a tin pan, and that again into boiling water. When the milk is properly heated, it is (together with the cream previously drawn off,) and the new milk, put into a tub and well stirred together, and the steep applied. When the milk has coagulated, which will be in about 20 minutes, the whole should be stirred up and thoroughly broken by the hand. In ten minutes afterwards the whey should be taken off, and the curd pressed against the bottom of the tub, till it is firm enough to be lifted into a drainer or vessel with a porous bottom, when it is cut with a knife once in every ten minutes for an hour. It is then put into a cloth, and a pressure applied to expel the whey more thoroughly. When this is done and the curd gets dry and firm, it is put into a tub and carefully minced with the curd knife, and salt and a little nitre applied. The curd, with a cloth round it, is then put into a chessel, set before the fire for three hours, and turned from time to time to preserve a uniform heat. It is then put in the press and a light pressure applied. At the end of an hour the cheese is turned upside down in the chessel, and a cloth drawn from boiling water applied. At the end of another hour, the cloth is again changed, and the cheese is left in the press till the following morning, when it is taken out, slightly heated before the fire, and again returned to the chessel and the press. When the wet cloths have been changed a time or two, a dry cloth is substituted and a greater pressure applied. The dry cloths are changed every two hours till the cheese is perfectly dry, when it is taken out, the chessel well warmed, and a thin cloth put into it. The cheese is then returned to the chessel for the last time, and subjected to a slight pressure for half an hour, when it is taken out and laid on a plank in a dry situation with a cloth thrown over it for a day or two, and turned over and rubbed with a coarse towel, (taking care not to break the edges,) every two days till it is sufficiently dry for keeping.

Working Cows.—I wish with your permission to say something respecting working cows. I think they might be broke to the yoke while young, and accustomed to do considerable labor, without stinting their growth or injuring their milking properties, doing nearly if not all the team work, necessary to be done on a small farm; and should experience prove this to be the fact, the small farmer would find it good economy to employ them, in preference to horses or oxen. The expense to keep a horse, a yoke of small oxen, or two good cows, is nearly alike. A good 6 year old farm-horse and harness will cost say $60, and will last perhaps, 14 years. It will cost $3 a year for shoeing, which will be $42 for 14 years. This added to the price of the horse is $102, and then the horse would sell for no more than the value of his hide and shoes. A yoke of oxen, worth $60, by exchanging at suitable times, would retain their value, and perhaps gain $10 a year, which in 14 years would amount to $140 net gain. A pair of cows, worth $60, would retain their value by proper exchanges, and for dairy purposes, and reckoning their calves, would be worth yearly, say $40; making in 14 years, the sum of $560 clear profit. The above estimation is made, on the supposition that the team was kept only for doing the usual team-work of the farm, and shows a great saving in employing cows for that purpose, instead of horses and oxen.

Gardening for the South.—*Onions*—Were originally found in Egypt, and so highly were they esteemed in ancient times, that the chosen people of God, when on their way to the promised land, murmured at God's providence, and sighed for the leeks and onions of Egypt again. There are three varieties of onion cultivated, the red, white, and yellow. The white is the mildest, but is not as easily kept through the season as the other two, being more inclined to rot. These are all made from seed. They may be planted in the Fall, or in January, February, or March. I prefer February to any other month to put the seed in, but I have made fine bulbs, by planting the seed as late as April. There is no garden seed planted that is more sure of coming to perfection in this climate, than the onion, if it is properly planted. The soil must be highly enriched with well decomposed manure. It is well to soak the seed twenty-four hours before planting. Plant in drills, fourteen inches apart, and drop a single seed four inches apart in the drill. Cover the seed about half-an-inch, and press the earth solid on them. If the seed comes up well, thin out every other one. The onion bed must be kept free from grass and weeds, and frequently stirred with the hoe. A top dressing of ashes will be highly beneficial in the earlier stages of their growth. The bulbs will be fit for the table in July and August, and from their late maturity can be kept through the winter. For an early crop of the onions, plant the set of the button. These may be put in the ground any time from October to March. Plant them in drills, like the seed, but put them two inches farther apart in the drill. Onion sets planted in January or February, will make fine bulbs for the table in May and June. The button will make a greater quantity of bulbs, but are not as delicate or as solid as the seed or set. Buttons planted in the Fall, in good ground, will make the buttons again. In planting the small onion, set or button, do not cover them deep. Just cover the bulb, the finest bulbs are made above the ground.

The Olio.

RAILROADS.

The reception of all great inventions, and the fate of the inventors, have been often adverted to as instances of human short-sightedness and injustice. The projector finishes his days in a poor-house or a prison, while those who at first derided his plans, make splendid fortunes by carrying them into execution. According to Mr. Francis, this has been the case in the instance of railroads. We hear and read of persons who have realized immense sums by their construction; more or less, we all derive benefit from increased facilities of transit; but the name of Thomas Gray, the most determined and pertinacious advocate of English railway communication, is never mentioned. It is not denied that this individual was among the first to discern the advantages and utility of railroads:

"From an early period," says Mr. Francis, "he formed the opinion that railways would become the principal mode of transit. It was his thought by day; it was his dream by night. He talked of it until his friends voted him an intolerable bore. He wrote of it until the reviewers deemed him mad." At length a railway was projected between Liverpool and Manchester, and succeeded; "but no reward was conferred on Thomas Gray. Other railways followed, and were successful; but no notice was taken of Thomas Gray. The great railway mania came; but Thomas Gray was nothing in the eyes of excited speculators, greedy of gain. An endeavor was made by some of the friends of Gray, to win for him the public sympathy; and the poor, old, broken-hearted man, when he respectfully begged for a situation on one of these railroads which he had so greatly forwarded, was refused!"

The "railway pioneer" died in poverty, whilst speculators and engineers who once ridiculed his ideas, reaped large gains by putting them in practice.

It is scarcely necessary now to refer to the opposition which the early promoters of railroads had to encounter; but many of the arguments, even at this short distance of time, appear so ludicrous that we cannot resist the temptation of re-producing a few from Mr. Francis's work.

"The objections urged by the opponents of the railway were worthy their cause. It was contended by them that canal conveyance was quicker; that the smoke from the engines would injure the plantations of gentlemen's houses; and one witness, more imaginative than perceptive, described the locomotives as 'terrible things,' although, on further questioning, he admitted he had never seen one. It was boldly declared that a gale of wind would stop the progress of the carriage, that there would be no more practical advantage in a railway than in a canal; that Mr. Stephenson was totally devoid of common sense; that the plan was erroneous, impracticable, and unjust; and that the tendency of the railway would be to increase the price of carriage. It was declared to be based on fraud and folly; that balloons and rockets were as feasible; and that the whole line would be under water for two and three weeks in succession."

HOW DOES A FLY BUZZ?

How does a fly buzz? is a question more easily asked than answered. "With its wings, to be sure," hastily replies one of our readers. "With its wings, as they vibrate upon the air," responds another, with a smile, half of contempt, half of complacency at his own more than common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying insects cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Reaumur, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partially to air, but to air as it plays on the "edges of the wings at their origin, as with an aeolian harp string," or to the friction of some internal organ at the root of the wings or nerves. Lastly, how does the fly feed? the busy, curious, thirsty fly, that "drinks with me" but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or sack, the narrow pipe, by means of which, when set down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find on close inspection growing "small by degrees" under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal like, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into syrup.

For Housekeepers.

Lung Rolls.—Sift three quarts of flour into a large pan, and mix with a tea-spoonful of salt. Warm half a pint of water, but do not let it become hot. Mix with it six table-spoonfuls of strong fresh yeast. Make a deep hole in the middle of the pan of flour. Pour in the liquid, and, with a spoon, work into it the flour, round the edge of the hole; proceeding gradually till you have all the flour mixed in, so as to form a batter. Stir it well, for two or three minutes. Then strew the top all over with a handful of dry flour. Cover the dough with a thick, double cloth, and set it in a warm place, to rise. When it is quite light, and the surface cracked all over, mix in three table-spoonfuls (not more) of lard, or fresh butter. Knead it long and hard, and make it into long, oval-shaped rolls, making, with a knife, a cleft in the top of each. Sprinkle some square baking-pans with flour, lay the rolls in them, at equal distances; cover them, as before; and set them in a warm place, for half an hour. In the meantime, have the oven ready; put in the rolls, and bake them brown.

Their lightness may be improved by mixing in (while kneading the dough, previous to forming it into cakes) a heaping tea-spoonful of soda, or saleratus, dissolved in as much warm water as will cover it.

In cold weather, you may mix these rolls with milk, instead of water; but in summer the milk may turn sour, and spoil the dough. This, however, may be corrected, by adding the soda, or saleratus; always a good remedy for sour dough or batter.

Potato Rolls.—Take fine large potatoes. Boil, peel, and mash them. Then rub the mashed potato through a sieve. To each potato allow a pint of sifted flour; a table-spoonful of strong fresh yeast; a gill of milk-warm water; a salt-spoon of salt; the yolk of an egg; and a bit of fresh butter about the size of a large hickory nut. Mix together in a large broad pan the flour, the mashed potato, and the salt. Make a hole in the centre of the mixture, and pour into it the yeast mixed with the warm water. Sprinkle a little flour over the top, and mix in a little from round the sides of the hole. Cover it with a clean towel, and over that a flannel, and set it near the fire to rise. When the dough is quite light, and cracked all over the surface, knead in the butter and also the yolks of eggs, having previously beaten them well, and add a small tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Then divide the dough into equal parts, make it into long-shaped rolls, and lay them in a tin or iron pan sprinkled with flour. Cover them, and again set them to rise in a warm place. When perfectly light, (which should be in about an hour,) set the pan into the oven, and bake the rolls brown. They are best when quite fresh. Pull them open with your fingers, and eat them with butter.—*Miss Leslie.*